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TALK WITH THE SEA.

I said with a moan, as I roamed alone,
By the side of the solemn sea—
"Oh, cast at my feet, which the billows meet,
Some token to comfort me.
'Mid thy surges cold, a ring of gold
I have lost, with an amethyst bright.
Thou hast locked it so long in thy casket strong,
That the rust must have quenched its light.
"Send a gift, I pray, on thy sheeted spray,
To solace my drooping mind,
For I'm sad and grieved, and ere long must leave
This rolling globe behind."
Then the sea answered, "Spoils are mine
From many an argosy,
The pearl-drops sleep in my bosom deep,
But nought have I there for thee."
"When I mused before, on this rock-bound
shore,
The beautiful walked with me;
She has gone to her rest in thy heaving breast,
Since I saw thee last, thou Sea!
Restore, restore, the smile she wore,
When her cheek to mine was pressed,
Give back the voice of the fervent soul
That could lighten the darkest breast!"
But the haughty Sea, in its majesty,
Swept onward as before,
Though a surge in wrath, from its rocky path,
Shrieked out to the sounding shore—
"Thou hast asked of our king a harder thing
Than mortal e'er claimed before,
For never the wealth of loving heart
Could ocean or earth restore."

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

MESMER AND THE MAGNETIZERS.

The ridiculous pretensions of the astrologers were in some degree rivalled by the professors of animal magnetism, who declared that all diseases were curable by their mysterious art.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont industriously promulgated all kinds of magnetic and sympathetic cures, and made the most impudent assertions about the wonderful works which they pretended to have accomplished, charging those who declined to accept their statements with drowsiness, ignorance and obstinacy. The theory of the magnetizers was, that there existed among all bodies a certain magnetic or attractive agreement, a sort of sympathy between all natural things, and that a proper application of this principle led to the most astonishing results.

In the year 1699, a little book was published, under the title of "The Sympathetic Powder of Edericus Mohynus, of Eboro," in which wounds were said to be curable without the use of ordinary remedies. The writer professed to trace the cure to the sympathetic action of the stars, but other writers on the subject averred that the cure depended more on the directing will of the operator, than on astrological influence. Without wasting time in exposing the folly of either statement, we need only observe that any individual possessed of common sense will be convinced of the absurdity of the magnetizers' pretensions, by examining the practical parts of their system.

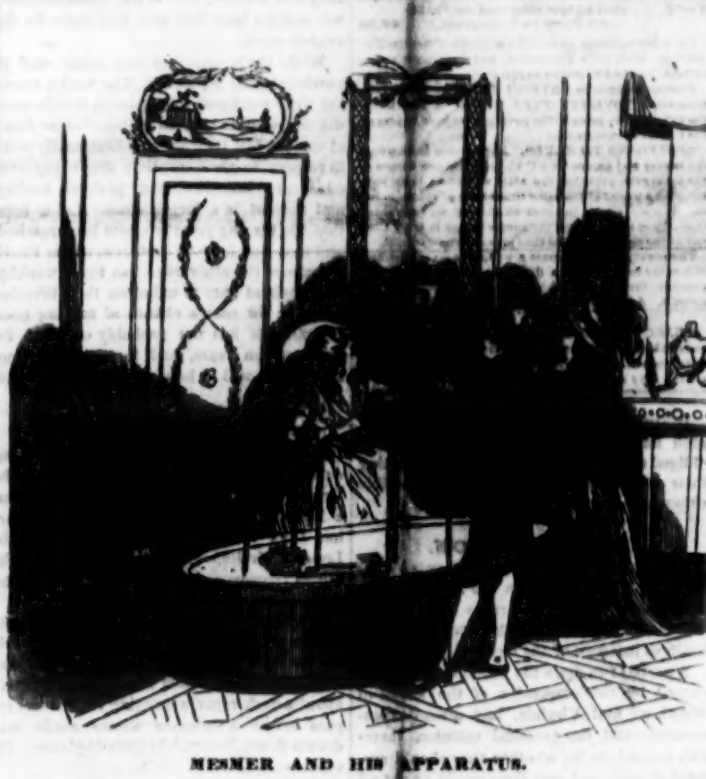
The magnet, or load-stone, was regarded as the main-stay of the magnetic system.—Helmont says that the back of the loadstone, as it repulses iron, so also it removes quills, swellings, rheumatism—likewise it prevents the cramp. Paracelsus says that a cure might be effected in various ways, but one specimen will suffice:—"Take a magnet impregnated with mummy, and mixed with rich earth; in this earth sow some seeds that have a congruity of homogeneity with the disease; then let this earth, well sifted and mixed with mummy, be laid in an earthen vessel; let the seed committed to it be watered daily with a lotion in which the diseased limb or body has been washed. Thus will the disease be transplanted from the human body to the seeds which are in the earth.—Having done this, transplant the seeds from the earthen vessel to the ground, and wait till they begin to sprout into herbs; as they increase the disease will diminish; and when they have arrived at their full growth, it will disappear altogether." Udericus Balk declares that "if thou shalt enclose the warm blood of the sick in the white and shell of an egg, which is exposed to a nourishing warmth, and this blood, being mixed with a piece of flesh, thou shalt give to a hungry dog, the disorder departs from thee into the dog."—Another writer tells us that "the root of the Caroline thistle being plucked up when full of juice and virtue, and tempered with the mummy of a man, will exhaust the powers and natural strength out of a man, on whose shadow thou shalt stand, into thyself." Again Paracelsus gives a receipt for curing wounds given with a sharp instrument:—"Take," says he, "of moss growing on the head of a thief who has been hanged and left in the air; of real mummy, of human blood, of each, one ounce; of human sweat two ounces; of linseed oil, turpentine, and Armenian bole, of each two drachms; mix all well in a mortar,

and keep the salve in an oblong, narrow urn." The method of cure was, to apply this salve, not to the wound, but to the weapon which caused the wound, simply washing the wound with cold water, and bandaging it with linen rag.

It is not necessary to offer any serious refutation to recipes when the ingredients are so abhorrent, partake so much of the delusion of magic, and the application of which was never made to the part affected. Who would be silly enough to imagine that he could draw out the gout with a loadstone, transfer rheumatism to a plant, rid himself of any disease by passing it over to a dog, acquire strength from standing in the shadow of a healthy man, or healing a wound by swaddling and anointing the knife which caused it? This last recipe of the weapon created much controversy when it first appeared; but as the wound was to be carefully cleaned every day, one writer says, surgeons at this moment follow exactly the same method, except anointing the weapon!

After causing much excitement and deluding a large number of people into a belief of their extraordinary powers, the magnetizers lost much of their popularity, which was, however, suddenly revived by Father Hell and Anthony Mesmer, about the year 1774. These men employed the loadstone as a cure for disease, and invented a mechanical contrivance of steel plates, which was applied to the body of the patient. Of these two, Mesmer is the best known. In 1786 he published a treatise on the "Influence of the Stars and Planets in the Cure of Disease." His publication was regarded only in the light of a reproduction of the doctrines of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, &c., and did not attract the attention which his author anticipated. Mesmer then gave out that he had restored the sight of a woman who had been totally blind for years; but when the matter was inquired into, the woman turned out to be still stone blind, which Mesmer declared was attributable to her own obstinacy! After the discovery of this obvious cheat, Mesmer thought it advisable to quit Vienna, and took up his abode in Paris, in 1778. There he began to excite attention. He taught that a universal fluid surrounded and penetrated all bodies, and was the first cause of all phenomena; that man could change the movements of this fluid, and augment or diminish the quantity in other individuals. He gave to it the name of the *Animal Magnetic Fluid*.

Mesmer established himself in Paris, and, surrounded by everything of the most costly and elegant description, received his patients, and found his reputation rapidly extending. In a large hall was an oval vessel, made of oak, for or five feet in diameter, and one foot in depth. Bottles, filled with magnetic water, well corked up and disposed in radii, were laid at the bottom of this vessel; water was poured upon them, and iron filings thrown in, to heighten the magnetic effect, after which an iron cover was placed over the vessel. This cover was called the *baguet*, and was pierced with holes, through which iron rods were passed, to be applied to the bodies of the afflicted. The room in which the magnetic fluid was applied was decorated in the most tasteful manner; everything which could charm the eye, everything calculated to excite the imagination and arouse the sensibilities, was introduced; the mellow light fell through windows of stained glass; the air was loaded with perfume; the voices of an invisible choir, hired from the opera, were heard; otherwise a solemn silence prevailed, and the attendants moved about as if impressed by the responsibility of serving the mysterious Mesmer. All this was calculated to produce the intended effect on the weak, nervous and credulous crowds who attended his consulting rooms. On the delicate frames of sensitive women, the strange remedies used by Mesmer, no doubt, produced singular effects; but it was obvious enough that they were simply the effects which would be produced by any means which excited an over-wrought imagination, in a weak, nervous subject. Mesmer was incapable of acting on the strong-minded or able-bodied, neither could he operate on those who entertained doubts of his success. It was essential for the patient to resign himself entirely to the magnetizer, that he should disregard physics and metaphysics, remove all objections from his mind, and take for granted, as so many facts, all the assertions of the operator. Then, indeed, a temporary cure might be effected on those who had nothing the matter with them, except an imaginary disease; but those who were really suffering from severe maladies experienced no relief. The whole affair was a delusion. Those who thought they were ill, thought they were cured, and gave out that Mesmer cured them. The effects of imagination in these ways have been seen in thousands of cases before and since; even in some cases of real sickness, imagination will produce a beneficial effect. Who has not heard of the garrison at Breda (1625), cured of the scurvy by the supposed virtue of a drop of camomile decoction, in a gallon of water? And who, on the contrary, has not heard of the case where a stream of cold water was



MESMER AND HIS APPARATUS.

poured on the neck of a condemned criminal who was expecting the executioner's axe, and who died on the spot? The wonderful effect which the excited imagination exerts over the body is patent; and to this cause, and no other, the partial success of the magnetizers is to be ascribed.

Mesmer professed to open the eyes of the blind, to impart strength to the paralytic, to heal all manner of diseases; but blindness, deafness, paralysis, severe cases of illness, were beyond his influence, and all he could do was to declare his patients obstinate and unbelieving. It is not within the province of this article to discuss the claims of modern mesmerism. That cures have been effected by its agency, is, to say the least, very probable—and that there is such a thing as is called "Animal Magnetism" is now generally admitted—though as yet it seems to be of very little practical value.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGWOOD CHASE.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweeter; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture wells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her willing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults sweep
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is Love.
—Thomson.

The dawn was breaking when Eric started from his bed, and pressing his hands on his temples, endeavored to collect his thoughts.

He walked to the window, and gazed out upon the scene yet scarcely visible; then he cast his eyes over his own figure, and discovered that he was attired as he had been the day previously.

Rapidly everything which had happened to him the night before recurred to him, and threw him into a state of great mental excitement. He remembered all up to the sudden vanishing of the female figure which had in such an awful and supernatural manner presented herself to his amazed eyes; beyond that—nothing.

How, or by what means, he had regained his own bed-chamber, he knew not, nor strain his brain as he would, could he recollect a single incident connected with it.

He had seen enough, however, to determine to see more, and his next visit to the ghostly old library he resolved should be that very morning, and in the light of day.

He was not superstitious; he did not believe in the indiscriminate wandering of perturbed spirits, but he did believe that there existed in heaven and earth more than was dreamt of in the world's philosophy.

It was not at Kingwood he had first seen visions. He had kept, boy as he was, midnight vigils when others slept. What he then beheld, what strange and mysterious visitations he had, he kept concealed within his own breast. But it was noted that when

others spoke derisively of the spirits of the dead, the phantoms of these near and dear, who had departed from the world, he joined not in the mockery, but with a face grave and sad, would walk away, and remain alone for some hours.

He had a conception that he had a remarkable destiny and a mission. He imagined that already he had received revelations, and there were others of far greater import to come. The events of his life had already been of a wild, strange, and improbable character, they had formed him to expect marvels, and he was prepared to seize every opportunity to meet with them. He considered that the occurrences of the night before were but an event half worked out, and he trusted to the day to complete what the night had left unfinished.

He yet clutched in his hand the quaint old Gothic key, and he persuaded himself, though he could not recall the circumstances, that he had intuitively closed the door he had unlocked with it, and pursued noiselessly the passages and corridors leading to the chamber he now occupied.

He prepared for another visit, changed his habiliments, and waited anxiously until the servants had prepared his breakfast and had retired with it.

As he was about to quit his room at a moment when he anticipated the servants would be occupied far from the quarter he intended to inspect, he was startled by the appearance of Phariase, who stood at his elbow before he discovered him.

"Upon what errand do you seek me?" asked Eric, rather brusquely.

Only one fiery gleam shot forth from the valet's eyes, and he turned them upon the floor.

"I thought you would like to hear how Mr. Cyril is getting on," he exclaimed, in a smooth tone.

"Naturally," returned Eric, in a softer manner. "Has the fever of the brain abated?"

"Oh, yes," returned the valet; "he is quite himself again, as far as the brain is concerned; but he is very low and melancholy—so very reserved, so very unlike his usual frank, open manner."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Eric, with an air of surprise, which appeared to strike the valet as being something strange.

"It is even so," he rejoined; "and what both Lord and Lady Kingwood consider so remarkable is, that he emphatically declines to offer the slightest explanation of the circumstances which led to the ruffianly attack upon him. Perhaps you, sir, can throw some light upon the matter, as you were the first to discover him," he added, artfully.

"No," returned Eric, curtly and coldly.

"The gamekeeper fastens it all on the back of some poaching ruffian, who is one of the wonders of Kingwood Chase, known as Tubal Kish," continued Phariase. He is constantly up to mischief, and though he is always lurking in the Chase, neither dogs nor men can catch him. There is quite an exposition of gamekeepers, beaters, and dogs off after him this morning."

"I hope they will catch him," observed Eric in a tone of indifference.

"I am sure I hope they may," rejoined the valet, with affected earnestness; and then added, abruptly—"You must be very dull here, sir."

"Very," responded Eric, emphatically. "I intend, presently to take a stroll in the wood;

and I shall proceed to it by the outlet of which I possess the key given to me by you."

"Ah!" replied the valet, with a creeping smile. "Yet a stroll in the wood is dull at best, I intended something very different to that."

"What do you mean?" inquired Eric, eyeing him curiously.

"I have some reason to believe that Lord and Lady Kingwood will shortly return to London, taking Lady Maud with them," responded the valet. "Mr. Cyril, probably, if well enough, will return to college. You, I think—I say, I rather imagine—will remain here alone throughout the winter season, and if you are dull now, what will you be then?"

Eric's brows slightly contracted.

"I can amuse myself," he said, in a frigid tone.

"But London is such a delightful, gay place," persisted the valet, in an insinuating voice, "all festivity, life, enjoyment, and pleasure. There are hundreds of young ladies lovelier than Lady Maud, and without her pride—"

"Silence, fellow!" interrupted Eric, in a haughty and indignant voice. "How dare you speak thus to me? What encouragement have I given to you to be thus impertinent? Pray confine your speculations to your own brain. At his own time, Lord Kingwood will no doubt confide his intentions to me. Leave me, I wish to be alone."

Phariase's face changed to a saffron hue, and his features seemed to contract. Master, however, of his emotions, he bowed with affected humility, humbly begged pardon, and slunk out of the room, very much as if he was greatly abashed.

His real emotions were of a very different nature, a feeling of malicious resentment filled his breast, and he placed the disdainful rejection by Eric of his suggestion at the commencement of an account which he determined should have a quittance in full ere it was closed.

Left thus alone, the impulse to review his visit to the library returned again to Eric with irresistible force, and he hesitated for a moment only, ere he, with rapid step, made his way to the haunted wing as it was termed by the household.

As he entered the gloomy old sitting-room, he saw at a glance that it had not been entered by anyone since he quitted it, but he started on discovering that the black oaken door he had the night before opened, remained open.

He advanced into the narrow passage, which he could now perceive was intended for a secret communication, and closed the door behind him.

The darkness was as dense as the night before, but he quickly made his way to the end, and found the door which had admitted him into the library also open.

He reflected with mortification that he must on the previous night have fled back to his own room like a frightened deer.

He entered the library, and gazed around him with an emotion of awe. The light entered dimly through the diamonded panes, encrusted with the dust of centuries, and though every object was clearly visible, it caused a gloom to pervade the spacious chamber, which, added to the extreme stillness that reigned, communicated to it a strange air of solemnity.

He closed the second door which led into this ancient structure, and then turned his eyes slowly around him. Still in the same attitude, stood the white female figure which had so moved him the night before.

A blush of shame and humiliation burned on his cheek as he detected that it was a marble statue.

He hurried towards it, and examined it with great interest and admiration.

It was a fine specimen of sculptural excellence. The attitude was graceful, the figure sweetly proportioned, the drapery arranged with masterly skill, and the chiselling displayed high finish.

But it was the face which most deeply attracted his attention. Not so much that it was young, delicate, and lovely, but rather because its expression was so mournful, even though a sweet smile played upon the lips.

The features were like those of the portrait in the bed-chamber—singularly so. They resembled also—whose? He could not remember, yet they were fresh in his mind. He taxed his memory, but he could not readily succeed, and so gave up the investigation.

The figure stood upon a pedestal, on the front of which was a tablet, containing the words, in a line—"YE LADY MAUD."

Beneath was the date 1555. Underneath were the words—"THE UNWAKENED."

This statue Eric immediately conjectured to be that of the Lady Maud of whom Phariase had spoken as having been the victim of the bad Baron of Kingwood, and he regarded it with an air of interest which almost amounted to fascination.

The motto, too, ran through his brain repeatedly, and, gazing upon the soft, sorrowful face, he wondered who should prove the avenger, and when the hour of retribution was to come.

At length he quitted the figure, with a sigh he could not repress nor account for, and advanced to one of the old cases in which the books were ranged. As he did so a faint cry caused him to direct his eyes to the further end of the apartment, and there he beheld another Lady Maud, standing in an attitude of unspeakable amazement and terror.

This time, however, it was a living, breathing Lady Maud, and he advanced with a slow, gliding step, towards her.

She sunk half-fainting upon a stool near to her, and he saw by the sallow whiteness of her countenance, that she was all but swooning with terror.

"Do not be alarmed, Lady Maud," he exclaimed, quickly, in a low, reassuring tone. "It is I—Mr. Gower."

She rose up and tried to smile, while she extended her hand to him, but her words died ere they reached her white lips.

"Pray be seated and recover yourself," he exclaimed. "This is a strange, gloomy old room, drear enough to scare any one. My presence here, I know, must have been very unexpected, but still, Lady Maud, I am real flesh and blood."

This was all said readily and fluently enough, and it had the desired effect, for Lady Maud drew a long breath, hid her face for a moment in her handkerchief, and then, looking in his eyes with a singular sweetness of expression in her own, she said, with a soft smile—

"I ought not to be alarmed at your presence; rather it ought to create within my breast at least a sense of protection. But—but—" She paused.

Eric urged her to proceed.

"Your appearance here is so sudden—so strange," she continued, with a perplexed mien. "I have been in this old library for some little time, I saw you not when I entered, I heard not your arrival, but raising my eyes—I cannot tell why—I beheld you confronting me."

"No wonder you imagined me to be a spectre," he returned, with a smile, and then added, frankly, "I possess, Lady Maud, perhaps unfortunately, a very active spirit of inquiry, a circumstance ministered to its cravings, and I have just discovered a mode of gaining access to this apartment by a communication which is evidently a secret one."

She regarded him with an expression of surprise.

"I have been in the habit of coming here for years," she replied, half musingly, "because I am fond of the strange old lore I find in some of the books here, yet I know of but one approach. That has long been disused. I—I do not think that any one but myself is acquainted with this taste of mine or my visits here. Indeed, I believe Lord Kingwood would scarcely approve of it. Yet I see nothing objectionable in it, and I often steal here for an hour in the morning. But, Mr. Gower, you did not enter by the same way as myself—you could not."

"I did not, Lady Maud," he replied—"Nevertheless, I am very glad that we have met, and I am rejoiced that it should be here, for I am not fond of the society of strangers for whom one cares nothing. Here I can speak to you in earnest sincerity without the expression of my feelings being inquisitively examined or my words caught up by ears for which they were not intended. I am, in truth, Lady Maud, glad to see you again, for your presence here, and yet more your looks, assure me that you are nearly recovered from the effects of your perilous situation a few days back."

"Indeed, Mr. Gower," she said, with unreserved warmth, the tears springing into her eyes as she instinctively held out to him both her hands, which he as instinctively took. "I am glad to meet you, and, as you observe, here, because at least here I may indulge in the free expression of a grateful heart, and tender you, with the most fervid warmth, my best thanks for your noble efforts to save me. I wish you to be assured that the service, so high and so important as it proved, can never be effaced from my memory."

"Your gratefulness, Lady Maud," he returned, speaking in a rich and impressive tone, "pains even while it pleases me. I wish for no reward even of simple thanks for the part I played in what might have been the tragedy of the Chase. Yet I wish you to think well and kindly of me. I do not desire you to remember the service, yet I should be grieved if the event passed from your memory, for then I should be forgotten by you."

Lady Maud listened to him with downcast eyes, for his orbs so large, so brilliant, so eloquent in their expression, rested on her sweet face with a gaze too earnest for hers to sustain. But yet she listened to him with a quiet joy—that undemonstrative joy which, perhaps, is the more delicious because it thrills the whole frame without making any outward sign.

She was pleased to hear these observations from his lips. She wondered why he wished her to think well and kindly of him. Did she not? Love is not of slow growth in young hearts. Still she could not understand why he should be so anxious that she should not forget him.

She raised her clear, innocent eyes to his. "We are very new friends, Mr. Gower," she said. "I have rendered you no service; I have extended to you only common civility. Why do you wish me to think kindly of you?"

It was a point-blank question, and for the moment disconcerted him, especially as he discovered that he had possession of both her small white hands still.

He had no desire to part with them. It was a felicity, indeed, to be honored by their gentle touch. Yet he was embarrassed at retaining them after their presence had forced itself abruptly upon him.

Possibly he turned pale and red by turns, and his voice might have been a little unsteady when he spoke, yet he answered more readily than might have been expected of him.

"We are new friends, Lady Maud, it is true," he said, still earnestly, "but we are friends—friends, I hope, in the acceptance of that word which alone makes friendship desirable or valuable. Until now I have had no friend in my view of the sentiment. I would not for worlds force my friendship on any created being, yet my heart yearns to have some one who would take more than a common interest in my life, who would sympathize with my disappointments, cheer me in my trials, and share in my happiness. We all, I presume, desire to stand favorably in the opinions of others, yet how much more anxiously do we wish that when it is a friend whose high estimation we covet! That, Lady Maud, is why I wish you to think kindly of me."

Once more Lady Maud's eyes sought the floor. Friend! It was a pleasant word, yet a cold one. She liked her cousin Cyril much, and he was a friend; yet it seemed to her that Eric had a stronger claim upon her good will even than Cyril, for he had saved her life, and the word friend did not seem to express sufficiently the distinction in her estimation of the two. Lord Kingswood was her guardian, and of course, her friend, yet how could he and Eric stand in the same category in her esteem! Lady Kingswood, too, was her friend, but a smile curled her lip, and she did not care to pursue the investigation.

Well, it was a barren word that same friend. Still, the language gave her no other, and so she was prepared to accept it, and rally it with her fair hand, when lo! she discovered that he still held both in the gentle pressure of his.

She was, in her turn, a little startled by the discovery, and slightly confused. In her confusion she pressed his hands, and then snatched her own hurriedly away, looking hastily and timidly round her, as if she expected to see Lord Kingswood gazing sternly, haughtily, and like a grim tyrant upon them both, but he was not there, so she said, in a trembling voice—

"Mr. Gower, I fear that I shall make but a poor substitute for such a friend as you need. In my sense the obligations of the word—if I properly comprehend its meaning—are boundless, and I am most likely to fulfil them very, very inadequately; yet—yet I wish you to believe that—I do not decline—that is, I am anxious to try—to attempt—oh, Mr. Gower, I am at a loss to convey my meaning. Only believe I am very grateful to you, and if that comprehends friendship, you are entitled to mine in its truest and sincerest spirit."

And she proved it by vanishing from the library with a sudden abruptness which prevented his offering to detain her.

Now the library looked gloomier, darker, drearier than ever. He wondered why she fled, and he felt disturbed that she should do so even while in the act of acknowledging that she would be to him that friend for whom his unfulfilled heart so longed. She was certainly embarrassed, perhaps she did not desire their relations should be of so close a nature; perhaps he had stepped beyond the limits of his position, for she was a lady of high birth, and he—

He turned as cold as death, and then to fever heat. He made a fiery, impatient gesture.

"I may seek her friendship on equal ground. I feel—I know I may," he cried, with sudden impetuosity.

Then he thought again that her manner would have betrayed her, if she was averse to the close intimacy of friendship, and she had been gentle, even tender, in her demeanor to him. But she had fled from him, and that perplexed him; and so he tortured and vexed himself, until, in despair, he gave up the attempt to work out a solution.

He examined some books, but he returned them to their places, and then, with light step, pursued the path she had taken, but he found a closed door to bar his progress, so he quitted the library, and wandered out into the Chase, thence back into his own rooms, and passing a sleepless night, together with a morning that seemed to crawl, he at length took an opportunity to return to the library. Lady Maud was not there.

He searched the recesses, he moved the massive draperies by the windows, as if in the hope that she had concealed herself behind some one of the hangings, and he should discover her, but she was not so hidden.

At length he took a book from one of the cases, and seating himself near a window, his eyes went over half a dozen pages line by line, but the eye of his mind saw only the form, the face, the sweet, smiling, gentle Lady Maud.

And he awoke as out of a dream, to find her before him, regarding him with a half-frightened, yet very friendly expression of countenance. He rose up and greeted her with a quiet but very earnest welcome.

"I did not think you would be here," she said, in a soft undertone.

"May, you could have been sure of my coming," he answered.

"Yet I quitted you so hastily yesterday. I did not say farewell, or even that I might come here again to look over these deeply interesting old books," she observed, not trusting her eyes to look in his face.

"Why, Lady Maud, did you quit me so suddenly?" he inquired, in the same subdued, musical voice.

He asked such questions! Lady Maud's cheek burned. She felt something like a culprit accused of a high misdemeanor, and she really did not know why.

"I do not know, Mr. Gower," she at length replied, with a sudden frankness. "Lady Kingswood scolded me at times for a want of self-possession. I suppose my fault prevailed over my courtesy yesterday. Do you forgive me?"

With a smile Eric offered his hand, and she accepted it for an instant and for a touch. Somehow that shaking hands appeared a very formidable ceremony, though it was a mere testimony of friendship.

Then they proceeded to converse on various topics, and in a more easy style than before. Lady Maud gave him much information respecting the relations between herself and Lord and Lady Kingswood and also Cousin Cyril. She spoke in warm, high, praiseworthy terms of the latter; of his generally happy, cheerful disposition; of his truthful and noble spirit. Yet she spoke in such a tone that Eric was pleased with her eulogiums.

And he told her of his early days at school, of his lonely isolation, of his high hopes, his gorgeous dreams, his speculative theories, and his ambitious yearnings. She listened with deep interest to his glowing words, and to his fervid eloquence. She seemed fascinated by his voice as by his revelations; and when the time arrived for them to part, they lingered near to each other, their hands trembled beneath the pressure that each found it unable to refrain from giving, and they met again only to prove how quickly their friendship had taken root and would be blossoming.

Strange, with all their talk in the many meetings after this they had in the library, the name of Philip Ayton never passed the lips of either. Yet it was not forgotten. Eric had kept the appointment Philip had forced upon him, even though he had learned that he continued dangerously ill; but, of course, he came not. Eric, however, knew that he would come as soon as he obtained strength, and now Philip was more eager for the meeting than he was himself.

And it happened one morning in that lone library, not so long after they had first met, that Eric proposed that they should together peruse some of that ancient lore of which Lady Maud had spoken. She, pleased with the proposition, selected a book containing histories of Saxon days written in quaint language.

They sat side by side, and together read down the pages, commenting on passages as they proceeded. The subject embraced the story of a boy and girl who met accidentally in an old Saxon tower. It traced their first acquaintance deepening to a more familiar relation, thence how it had become a fast, firm, and earnest friendship.

To both the story seemed to possess a singular charm, for it was told in truthful and expressive language.

It went on to show how this friendship had been maintained through bitter trials, difficulties, reverses, and vicissitudes of all kinds, always coming forth brighter, purer, and stronger after the severest test of its endurance. And then it told how, at length, this constant, faithful, loyal friendship proved to be in that disguise, LOVE!

The eyes of Lady Maud and Eric uprose at an instant, and met in one long, passionate gaze, then a film seemed to come over her eyes, and her head drooped upon his shoulder.

He pressed his lips to hers with a sudden, impetuous fervor.

Both suddenly rose up, and she looked into his face as one looks into vacancy, when roused from some wild, extraordinary dream.

Then pressing her hands to her temples, she uttered a wild, despairing cry, and fled from the library.

He sank down, and laying his head upon that old book, covered his burning eyes with his cold, cold hands, and trembled violently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

1. A physician in Wisconsin being disturbed one night by a burglar, and having no ball or shot for his pistol, he loaded the weapon with dry, hard pills, and gave the intruder a "piscation" which he thinks will go far towards curing the rascal of a very bad ailment.

2. A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.—There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household in which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin-stars are centred in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

3. At a theatre in Nantes, during a performance, a boy fell over the gallery railing, struck three people in the different tiers of boxes as he descended, and finally landed in a vacant seat in the pit, to the great astonishment of a gentleman who was enjoying the play in that part of the house. The boy was found to be uninjured.

4. TURNING THE TABLES.—A young lady, a native of Sydney, Australia, being asked if she would like to go to Britain, answered that she should like to see it, but not to live in it. On being pressed for her reason, she replied "that, from the great number of bad people sent out from thence, it must, surely, be a very wicked place to live in."

5. We were amused once at hearing the story of an old lady whose only exclamation, on hearing of the execution of a man who had once lived in the neighborhood, was, "Well, I know'd he'd come to the gallows at last, for the knot in his handkerchief was always slipping round under his left ear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.—While the currency is in such an unsettled condition, we should be obliged to our country friends when remitting their subscriptions, to send as far as possible either gold or postage stamps.

THE SUSPENSION.

The suspension of specie payments by the banks of Philadelphia on the 22nd, is characterized by their officers as a measure of defence, and as enabling them to relieve the business interests of the city.

A partial run upon the Philadelphia banks, caused by the suspension of the banks of Maryland and Virginia, had already commenced—and the practical question, therefore seemed to be, whether they should suspend at once, and save their specie, or put off the suspension until their specie was all exhausted.

The community, almost without an exception, sustains the banks in the course they thought safest to pursue—for the community has grown considerably wiser upon the subject of banking than it was three years ago.

Our banks are said to be founded upon a "specie basis"—this, however, is merely a pleasant fiction. Bank notes do not represent specie alone—they represent about one-sixth probably of specie, and five-sixths of other property. As the paper currency is thus probably six times as great as the amount of specie held by the banks—and as bank notes are payable on demand, while the private notes, which they usually represent, are payable at from two to four months—of course it is absolutely impossible for the banks to redeem their notes, if any large proportion of them are presented at any one time at their counters.

Banks in fact are creatures of public confidence—and if the public, through fright or any other reason, lose confidence in them, it is impossible that they should do otherwise than suspend.

Three years ago the banks thought at first that they could maintain themselves, by sacrificing the merchants, their customers—but the result proved the folly of such an idea.

The banks of New York, this panic, are trying an opposite policy—that of sustaining the merchants; we hope they will succeed, though their chances would have been better had they commenced earlier. A spark can be easily put out—it is not so easy to deal with a conflagration.

We see it stated that the banks of New York city, in two weeks, at the commencement of this panic, required the payment of "call loans"—loans that can be demanded at very short notice—to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars.

If they did—they are probably sorry enough by this time. For to pay these "call loans" large amounts of stock had to be sold, which depressed the stock market, which increased the "panic," which tightened the money market, which drained the banks of their deposits and their coin, and thus the mischief finally "came home to roost."

The great Banking Institutions of the old world are said to act upon a different principle. The New York World says:

The Bank of England, in times of commercial difficulty, always makes it a principle to meet the necessities of merchants by judicious expansion, which shall operate to restore public confidence and avert a fatal run. The Bank of France habitually practices upon the same principle. In 1838, a period of prosperity and general confidence, the total amount loaned by it was \$74,000,000 of francs for an average of fifty-six days. The next year, a period of universal distrust and distress, when in ten months the failures in Paris alone amounted to \$38, the loans by the bank were stated to have been between \$5 and \$6,000,000 of francs, the loans of the bank amounted to 1,454 millions of francs for an average of fifty-seven days, an increase of four hundred and eighty millions of francs. The London Morning Herald, of that period, well remarked, in reference to this course of action on the part of the Bank of France:

"The great augmentation in the general movements of the Bank of France, during the past year of distress, illustrates the principle on which the bank acts, viz: to extend itself when the necessities of the merchants most require assistance. The bank acts rather as a preservative of solvency than as a stimulant in prosperity. Hence the uniformity of the value of money in France."

Our banks have in times past proved themselves tolerably good "stimulants in prosperity." It behooves them now to show their capacity in the other role.

But the Banks of England and France are national institutions—closely allied with and supported by the monetary power of the Government—and it is unfair to expect from our numerous little banks, jealous and afraid of each other as they naturally are, that they should array themselves like a breakwater against the financial storm. You cannot expect the act of a giant from a parcel of pigmies.

One thing we have to be thankful for, that the business condition of the country is undeniably sound. The exchange with England is in our favor, and specie must therefore soon begin to flow in upon us. All portions of the country, with a few exceptions, where they suffered greatly with drought last summer, are, in agricultural language, "overflowing with milk and honey"—though the "milk of human kindness" is rather deficient, both in quantity and quality. Business in the East has not been overdone—people have not been living extravagantly—our merchants generally are solvent, and in our financial affairs we seldom have had less real cause for discouragement.

Well, the suspension has come—and all parties already feel easier. The banks, knowing their weakness, like Captain Scott's crew, did not wait to be fired at, but "came down at once." For they are constitutionally weak in respect to the immediate specie payment of all their liabilities, while perfectly healthy and solvent in a larger sense. Let us hope that the turning point has now been reached, and that our beloved brethren whom Providence—or the other one—has made wealthy, will begin at once to unbuckle their breeches pockets; for such a chance of making good investments has not probably occurred for the last ten years, and in enriching themselves they will be helping the country generally.

SPIRITUALISM.

This subject which seems to be attracting comparatively little attention now in the United States, is attracting much more than a little in England. Mr. Home, of Hume, has been working his marvels in certain London circles,—the only really wonderful things, however, being always done in the dark.

A writer in one of the English periodicals, is engaged in showing how all these marvels can be done by sleight of hand, or foot; and his explanation of how Mr. Home "floats" about a dark room, appearing to pass and re-pass before a window whose shade was drawn down, is certainly quite ingenious. He says:—

In the first place, there is no evidence that the corporeal Home was actually seen in the air at any time. His figure was seen passing and re-passing the window, and even his figure was seen nowhere else. His foot was felt in the air at about the height of the narrator's chair. His voice was coming from different quarters of the room, according to his then position—is it probable, is it possible, that any machinery could be devised—not to speak of its being set up and previously made ready in a room, which was fixed upon as the place of meeting, only five minutes before we entered it—capable of carrying such a weight about without the slightest sound of any description? Or, suppose, as has been suggested, that he bestride an inflated balloon, could a balloon have been introduced inflated large enough to hold in mid-air such a weight? Or could it have been inflated with hydrogen gas without being detected by ears, eyes, or nose? As this exhausts the list of Dr. Gully's hypotheses, and as I have no desire to shock such a sincere believer, I say at once that I lay no stress on machinery or inflated balloons. I do not think it likely even that Mr. Home sent past the window an inflated dummy of gold-beater's skin to represent himself, as many more wary persons have a tendency to suppose. I do not think so for a couple of reasons, either of which is quite sufficient. In the first place, though mediums must run unusual risks whenever they favor us with unusual performances, it would be too much to risk the ludicrous discovery of a great dummy figure from the sputter of a chance lucifer match or the sudden flash of a concealed lantern. Such a dummy would be liable to a prod with a stick, which would evaporate his hydrogen, and be a "home-thrust" indeed. 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people who occupied themselves in making artificial pearls. They may possibly have taken the idea of this trade from the Arabs, but they set to work in a very different way, viz.—by introducing a coating of varnish, of various colors, into thin globules of glass. Mercury enters largely into the composition of these varnishes; and such was the perfection with which the Venetians imitated pearls that the government, in the 16th century, interdicted the trade, on the ground of its being "dishonest to make pearls that could not be distinguished from natural ones." The trade still flourished, in spite of this prohibition; and Murano, where it was first established, is still the principal centre of the manufacture of artificial pearls, as well as of the glass beads known as "Venetian pearls." Home was also, for some centuries, actively employed in imitating pearls; but in that city, instead of glass, the pearls are made of balls of alabaster, dipped into a paste composed of pulverized mother-of-pearl.

But none of these pearls can compare with those now made in France, which, in form, color, and lustre, are absolutely indistinguishable from natural pearls. Some of those exhibited in 1855 could only be distinguished from the finest natural pearls, by their relative lightness; a defect which it has, as yet, been found impossible to remedy.

The French system of manufacture dates from 1680, when a Parisian dealer in rosaries, named Jaquin, happening one day to notice, in the fountain of his garden the pearly lustre of the scales of the bleak that were swimming in the basin, was struck with the idea of applying these glass beads in imitation of pearls. Finding it impossible to preserve these scales, which became decomposed rapidly, Jaquin at length succeeded in dissolving them in a strong alkaline solution which, under the name of "Essence of Orient," has been the basis of this industry in France to the present day.

The cyprins alburnus, or bleak, is a little fish, green on the back, white on the underside, which abounds in the affluents of the Seine. The scales are washed in several waters, squeezed through fine linen, and the liquid which exudes from them is then filtered repeatedly until the required purity is obtained. It is then mixed with an alkaline solution, whose nature and proportion vary in different establishments. From 17,000 to 18,000 bleak yield only one quart of this essence!

Much of the success of this imitation depends on the quality of the iron tubes used in blowing the glass beads which are destined to be turned into pearls. A skillful blower will make thousands of these in a day; but for very fine ones, extra care and time are needed. When the beads are formed, a drop of the essence is introduced by the aid of a pipe, changing the glass, as by magic, into pearls. These are soaked in alcohol, dried on hot plates, filled with wax or cement to give them weight and resistance, and carefully perforated; a tube of tinted paper being introduced into each, in order to prevent the thread on which they are strung from coming into contact with the wax. They are then exposed to the fumes of a mixture of bismuth and mercury, whose composition is one of the secrets of the art. It is said that certain makers wash each pearl separately in a liquid obtained by repeated distillations of a certain mercurial composition.

The fabrication of these pearls employs an immense number of workpeople, of whom many are women. The Department of the Seine is the principal centre of the trade; and Paris, producing the most beautiful specimens of this ingenious imitation, seems destined still to maintain its supremacy in the art with which Jaquin first endowed it.

QUANTUM.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT CELEBRATED MEN.

Some literary men make good men of business. According to Pope, the principal object of Shakespeare in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. He succeeded so well in the accomplishment of this purpose that, at a comparatively early age, he had realized a sufficient competency to enable him to retire to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterwards a commissioner of customs and inspector of woods and crown lands. Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been shrewd and sagacious in the management of affairs. Milton was secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth, and gave abundant evidence of his energy and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton was a most efficient Master of the Mint. Wordsworth was a distributor of stamps; and Sir Walter Scott a clerk in the Court of Session—both uniting a genius for poetry, with practical and practical habits as men of business. Ricardo was no less distinguished as a sagacious banker than a lucid expounder of the principles of political economy. Grote, the most profound historian of Greece, is also a London banker. John Stuart Mill, not surpassed by any living thinker in profundity of speculation, lately retired from the examiner's department in the East India Company, with the admiration of his colleagues for the rare ability with which he had conducted the business of the department.

WAGES.—The workers in new arts, as they arise, naturally obtain higher wages than the workers in old arts. Gasfitters, mule-spinners, and engine-drivers are everywhere better paid than agricultural laborers, handloom weavers, and vinedressers. At present, higher wages continually attract men from the rural districts into towns; and by that means those who remain behind are better paid. The gradual introduction, then, of new arts, which was notoriously the chief means of converting the serfs of Europe into free and well-paid artisans, has a constant tendency to keep up and to raise the wages of labor.—*The London Review.*

The Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

HOW I GOT MARRIED;
OR, COURTYING BY TELEGRAPH.

BY A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

We were sitting by a bright coal fire, while the wind outside was whistling and blowing as if it had the intention of testing the strength of the walls of our little cottage to the utmost.

When I say "we," I mean my wife, myself, and our son and heir, aged two years. The latter important personage, who inherits his mother's beauty, and will have his father's wealth some day—if there is any to have—sat upon the rug, playing with some toys which I purchased for him on my way home that evening.

My wife was engaged at some sewing work at one end of the table, and I was seated opposite to her, reading aloud a tale in our Family Paper, when all at once my wife interrupted me by ejaculating,

"Oh, Willie, dear, I've been thinking that I should like you to write a little story."

"Write a story!" said I; "I couldn't do such a thing."

"Oh, yes, you can, if you try."

"All very fine; but suppose I was to try—what could I write about?"

My wife started up, put her arms round my neck, and gave me a kiss. Then, thinking probably that after that I should be inclined to do anything she desired, she said:

"Why, love! couldn't you just describe the way we became acquainted and got married?"

"Nonsense!" said I; "who cares for that?"

"Oh, no!" (very decidedly); "it's not nonsense at all. Many persons will like to read it, especially those who are in the telegraph service, because something of the kind might happen to them."

"Well," said I, "to oblige you I will. But I know it's no use."

So she fetched me pens, ink and paper, and I commenced as follows:

Everybody knows that for the last few years telegraph companies have employed females in the instrument departments of some of their principal stations. The work is light and clean, and very well adapted for young ladies. Most of them acquire the art of telegraphing in a very short time, and there are now in the service many who are able to send and receive messages as well as the best of the male staff.

Young ladies are much the same everywhere, and it would, of course, be next to impossible for them to remain any length of time in a room without desiring to hold a fair amount of conversation. As the nature of their employment demands that for the greater part of the time they are at the office they must sit at the instrument to which they are appointed, they cannot very well hold conversations with their companions. So that when a circuit happens to be slack, the young lady who has charge of it finds a great deal of relief in speaking to the clerks of the station at the other end of the wire.

After I had been some time in the service, and was supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the work, I was appointed to a station which I do not wish to be known by any other name than that of Merton.

After I had introduced myself to those who were to be my fellow clerks, I took possession of the instrument appropriated to me, and, as is usual, inquired the name of the lady with whom I was to work.

Quick as thought I received for answer "Amy Watson. Who are you?" Having given my name, and the station from which I had come, we entered into conversation upon general subjects, such as the weather, descriptions of different towns through which I had passed, &c., &c.

I soon found that, in addition to being an excellent hand at telegraphing, my fair correspondent was very entertaining in conversation, and it was very easy to discover, from the way in which she acted during a press of business, that she was of a very amiable disposition. These conversations went on for some time, till at length I was miserably dull when away from the instrument, and always eager to discharge, as quickly as possible, those duties which occasionally called me away, so that I might return to speak to Amy.

I was most anxious to see the being who exercised such an influence over me, and at length, after much persuasion, and having obtained the consent of her widowed mother, we exchanged portraits. If I was in love before, I was doubly so now. Having obtained the likeness, I was more eager than ever to see the original. To hear the sound of her voice—which I was sure from the expression of her face in the portrait was soft and sweet—to see her smile on me, and to gaze into her large, bright blue eyes, seemed to me the objects most to be desired of any in the world.

I applied for and obtained leave of absence for a fortnight, and instantly proceeded to N—. We met, and everything that I had pictured was as naught compared to the beauty, amiability, and sweetness of the original. Before I left, we were engaged to be married; and three months afterwards having obtained, through the kindness of my superior officer, a transfer from Merton to N—, Amy Watson changed her name for mine.

Since then we have lived happily, for we are still lovers (a little sobered down), and have never had cause to regret that the principal part of our love-making was by telegraph.

LOTTERIES IN PENNSYLVANIA.—At present no question can arise as to whether a prize in money is necessary to constitute an illegal lottery, for, by the fifty-second section of the new criminal code, all lotteries—whether public or private, for moneys, goods, wares, chattels, lands, or tenements—are declared *coram deo* nullities, and the establishment of, or the selling of tickets in them, is punishable by fine and imprisonment.—*Inquirer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE BEST WRITERS.

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The price of these works in the stores varies from \$6 to \$6.25 apiece.
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TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above notice, or condense the material portions of their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

HOW SOMEBODY GOT ELECTED
TO CONGRESS.

[A New York paper gives the following account of how a certain gentleman—whom we suppose resides in that city—got elected, in a recent triangular contest, to Congress:—]

At an election in the largest city of the Union, not a thousand years ago, a certain gentleman discovered himself possessed of not only the desire but also the qualifications for a seat in the Federal halls of the country. Accordingly, he made up his mind to secure that seat. When we say qualifications, we do not wish to be misunderstood as referring to large supplies of mental powers, great depth of soul, and integrity of character; not a bit of it; what is meant is simply a neat bank account. Morals are highly deleterious to some candidates' chances, and would have been in the present case, had the aspiring politician had any on hand. Fortunately for him, his original stock in life was depleted largely, and he therefore went into the field unshackled in every particular. The gentleman fell to work vigorously, and had the happiness of seeing himself booked for the District of Columbia, when the polls had closed. His mode of managing matters was lavish and colossal, as will be perceived from the following estimate of his individual expenses, deprived from intelligent sources:

ITEMS.	
Nomination fee, paid to eight clubs, \$50 each	\$400
Target prizes, 100 gold watches, \$10 each	1,000
Six banners, \$100 each	600
Procession	100
Ratification meeting, including wine, cigars, etc.	2,000
Treating his friends in bar rooms, three times a week, for four weeks	125
Porters, advertising, etc.	1,500
Balloons	100
Workers, 200, from \$5 to \$10 each, about	1,500
Buying a ward	2,000
Buying an opponent from the field	35,000
Total	\$34,525
The office to which his constituents chose him has attached a salary, per annum, of	3,000
And mileage, to an extent not over	1,000
Total	\$4,000
And is available for only two years.	

A mathematician can elucidate the fact that the honorable gentleman must have been largely out of pocket by the expiration of his term, from the following:

Expenses of election	\$34,525
Salary and mileage	4,000
Net loss	\$30,525

What an amount of sacrifice for the love of one's country!

To be sure the foregoing is not an average estimate of the expenses pertaining to canvases in general, but it has a nice bit of history, and as such deserves attention.

The gossipers say that the twenty-five thousand dollars came out of the pockets of the uneducated politicians, somewhat after this fashion. The sharp-eyed gentleman succeeded in getting a few bosom friends to bet, in various sums, to the amount mentioned, that his opponent would withdraw before election day. He supplied the betters with their amount of stakes, and the bets

were taken quickly. A check for twenty-five thousand dollars was then tantalizingly offered to one of the opposition party, who, after hesitation, accepted it with the terms imposed. By this means the stakes were worked into the hands of the sharp gentleman, who came out in the end without loss.

The opposing candidate who suffered at the hands of this tricky Congressman, was less extravagant—his bills footing up about five thousand dollars only. But the gentleman who withdrew from the contest for that respectable little sum—twenty-five thousand dollars—is, indeed, to be congratulated. However, a casuist might detect a little deficiency of logic in almost any explanation that can be given as to why so large an amount was used to buy off a man, who, if elected, could only have eight thousand dollars or so from the national treasury. But the casuist would only render himself ridiculous, if he were to attempt it, in the eyes of all save the innocents.

I have always considered ADVERTISING LIBERALLY AND LONG, to be the great medium of success in business, and prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the dulltest times, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out; as, by keeping my business continually before the public, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost.—*Stephen Girard.*

The rich are more envied by those who have little than by those who have nothing.

A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure heart.

The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

Many are willing enough to wound who are yet afraid to strike.

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fire-side.

A lucifer match passes through seven processes. By the most improved machine, matches are split at the rate of sixty thousand per minute!

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so great an advantage as when set off by simplicity of dress. No artist ever paints angels with towering feathers and grand jewelry; and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid tawdry ornaments, which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princes. A vulgar taste is not redeemed by gold or diamonds.

A life of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

A critic should have for his arms a pair of snuffers. He is often an extinguisher, and not seldom a thief. We know two critics who are a pair of "snuffers."

A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

SYSTEMATIC SWINDLING.

A few days since the Mayor received a letter from Fulton, Mo., from a party inquiring as to the responsibility of parties who had sent circulars announcing the distribution by certificate of a splendid catalogue of jewelry and watches. The following is a copy of the circular, and goes to show the manner in which city sharpers prey upon the credulity of strangers:

LOOK AT THIS.

NO HONORARY JEWELRY! ALL STEELING GOLD AND SILVER.
James C. Jackson & Co.'s Third Grand Distribution.

Encouraged by the success of their former distributions, James C. Jackson & Co. now offer to their former patrons and the community in general, the following schedule of goods, which, for quality and quantity, surpasses anything of the kind ever offered to the people of the United States. Each article is guaranteed to be what it is represented. In the line of Jewelry and Watches, no plated goods will be sent out under any circumstances whatever, but each will be sterling gold or silver. In each of twenty-five cents, which we charged in our former distributions, we shall, on account of the superiority of the goods, charge for sending certificates, paying postage, &c., fifty cents on each certificate. Five certificates sent for two dollars. Each article will be sold for two dollars, no matter of what value, and when you receive the certificate it is entirely optional with you whether you send on the two dollars and take the article called for or not. When the article is sent by mail, we shall of course charge in each certificate, in addition to the two dollars, sufficient to prepay postage. When it is sent by express the charges will have to be paid at the place of delivery.

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MISSIONARY ITINERATION IN INDIA.

BY A MISSIONARY.

The reader may have observed in the annual proceedings of the missionaries in India, that visiting the smaller stations contiguous to the one at which the mission has its headquarters is one of the principal duties of the missionary. These journeys are performed more or less frequently, according to the facilities afforded for locomotion, and the missionary advantages that are likely to be the fruits of it. Such journeys have obtained in Bengal the designation of "itinerating," and whether the object be to attend a "conference" of the brethren alike devoted to the same sacred cause, who have occasionally, and whenever it is practicable, to meet together for mutual counsel and edification, or whether the itinerating be of a single missionary, whose object is to preach in the highways and byways to the heathen, the journeys are of constant occurrence.

The style of locomotion is varied according to circumstances—the state and fancies, the health and strength, or, principally, the pecuniary resources of the missionary; for traveling in Bengal is very expensive unless the native vehicles are employed, and few Europeans can put up with the torture of such springless combinations of wood, iron, and string. There are no stage coaches or omnibuses as in England, no railroads worth mentioning, and to invest in the chartering of an "Inland Transit Company's Carriage," or such like conveyance, or even to travel by the orthodox style of progression known as palanquin travelling, would have the effect of clearing from the missionary's little purse his annual income at the first "itinerating," so the wits of the missionary have to be judiciously exercised; and how economy, combined with a minimum of discomfort and jolting as is attainable, not omitting a certain amount of speed and safety, are brought into play by the brethren of the district to which I am attached, and whose system of locomotion I now invariably follow, you may be glad to hear.

In a burning climate such as India, many things that in England would be considered luxuries are here nothing more than actual necessities. Among other things, it is indispensable for a missionary to have a vehicle drawn by a horse, not only to enable him to attend more effectively the different points of his always over-extended beat, but when the labors of the day are over to allow of his enjoying the refreshment of a drive in the comparatively cool evenings, when the sharer of his earthly joys, who has been immured all day within the stifling confines of a tiny bungalow, devoting herself to the education of the young and in other missionary labors, may likewise breathe a little fresh air, and so be braced up for renewed efforts. The vehicles of missionaries are decidedly of the picturesque rather than of the picturesque order; the primitive conveyance is generally a buggy or hooded gig; but, as the nursery in the mission-house rapidly augments, the buggy has soon to be discarded for something better adapted for numbers, and a four-wheeled shandean, of a stunted butcher or abridged britiska nature, is the equipage forthwith established. Not having arrived at that state of plethora as regards my own olive branches, I adhere to my pristine buggy. It is a wondrous vehicle; the wheels are limited in spokes, and, moreover, enjoy such an extent of what is technically termed "dishing," that the nave in its obscure retirement traverses an immediate disruption; then the shafts, once so elastic, now bound round rigidly with thongs of calgut and leather over strips of bamboo; then the hood of ancient form, designed for the free admission of sun and rain, but which, by domestic ingenuity, has been somewhat modified by the application of an "ugly," or canvas-painted screen, which the fingers of a fond wife, coupled with the manipulations of an aged native, a worker in leather, mutually devised and elaborated; and no trifling undertaking it is to hold that mass of rigidity, the original hood, for the leather is obdurate to all the allurements of mollifying; oil and other such seductively softening fluids are vainly applied; there it abides, un-influenced by everything; but, as it does hurt and unfurl, its practical advantages are still retained. Well, such is the vehicle in which my diurnal peregrinations are effected. But I must not forget the prime mover of all—the indefatigable quadruped that drags it along. The horse is not quite so venerable as the buggy; but, though still able for a modest circuit of our station, morning and evening, he is by age and infirmities totally disqualified for any more extended sphere of action. And this is not peculiar to our quadruped: the equine species of the mission at large in our district are similarly circumstanced, and therefore, in our "itinerations," it is impossible to employ our horses; but even were they young and powerful, no horse in India could do the journeys, for the stations average forty or fifty miles apart—a distance which it is advisable to accomplish at one stretch.

Those whose means would allow of it would in all probability travel by palanquin, as forty miles is the customary night's run; but this would involve the requirements of eight bearers, and one for the light, or nine per stage; and as each stage is about ten miles, there would be four stages and four times nine men to pay. This, at five annas a-head, would run up to above eleven rupees, or twenty-two shillings—rather a surprising haul from the poor missionary's limited means. By using a doolie, or light cloth-covered palanquin of a very inferior kind, two men per stage might be dispensed with; but the heat of the apparatus in the early morning sun, and its general discomfort, would not compensate for such a trifling gain. The bearers' shoulders must evidently be discarded, and some different scheme adopted.

Our plan, then, is to make use of our baggies, and have them drawn by the natives, who are only too glad to get the job; and thus is economy at once obtained. Four

coolies are sufficient, unless the roads are intolerably bad, when supplementary aid can at any time be obtained and afforded. And coolies, moreover, are far cheaper than palanquin bearers; and by paying as you proceed, so that none of your money sticks upon any intermediate palm, each man is glad to take his stage for two annas; thus the four men cost eight annas, or one shilling a stage, equivalent to four shillings for the four stages; and as two can travel in a buggy and but one in a palanquin, the expense may be comparatively reckoned at twenty-two shillings versus two shillings, or one-eleventh of the cost—no trifling consideration in the financial budget of the Indian missionary.

The illustration represents a case of itineration. The start is generally made at sunset, so as to avoid as much as possible the effects of the morning sun, which are most powerful. My companion is the faithful "David," one of the converts, who has resided for years at the mission, assisting in the schools and attending the missionaries on their journeyings, when he is, as usual, most useful. He cannot muster up courage to harangue the heathen, but in his own quiet way he does much good, and he is highly respected. Well, David and I take up our abode for the night in the ancient vehicle; two bipeds are linked to the shafts, which they carry on their shoulders—a proceeding which has, like everything else, its disadvantages; for by this elevation of obliquity, is given to the vehicle, suggestive of rearward tendencies, especially as a great gaunt coolie, six feet high, invariably seizes hold of the shaft, and not infrequently, from his habit of action, rears it on his head, where he is wont to carry his accustomed load; while his yoke-fellow is invariably short and squat, so that much skill would be needed in adjusting the team, were it that the buggy was symmetrical in form; but as our shafts are easily adaptable to all phases, this inconvenience does not come so amiss to us. But we have found that at times the somewhat leaders have let go, and the wheelers, suddenly roused to extra exertion, pressing down in the rear, have caused the shafts to fly up and ourselves to be somewhat discomfited, though not ejected.

Notwithstanding occasional mishaps, the convenience as well as economy of this mode of travelling is so great, that I strongly advise its adoption in those parts of India where it may not yet be known.

In a volume recently published—"Rural Life in Bengal: Letters from an Artist in Bengal to his Sisters in England." (London: Thacker and Co.)—the following passage occurs—"The Equatorial Carriage is a very late introduction indeed, and derives its name from the four wheels being of equal dimensions. The design of this conveyance, it appears, originated in a suggestion by our then Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, for a vehicle upon two wheels, which could be used to accelerate our mails about the country. Upon this idea Mr. Cameron, coach manufacturer of Calcutta, projected the present equatorial, the design of which was that it should be drawn, not by horse or horses, but men, or dak bearers; that it should be so light in its construction that on coming to any part of a journey where the road—or the absence of a road—did not admit of a carriage, the wheels should unscrew, and, with their axles, be no heavier than the customary load for a haggly bearer or porter, and thus be carried on; whilst in their stead the usual poles should be inserted at either end, so that the bearers could carry the whole machine as an ordinary dak palankeen."

THE WEIGHT OF CASTINGS.—To find the weight of castings from that of pine patterns, proceed as follows:—For castings of iron multiply the weight of the pattern by 12; for those of brass by 13; for those of tin by 12.5; for those of zinc by 11.5; and for those of lead by 10. Cast iron in cooling shrinks one-eighth of an inch per foot; brass, three-sixteenths of an inch; zinc, the same; tin, one-twelfth, and lead one-ninth.

An actor fell through a loose trap as he was leaving the stage. Emerging instantly afterwards, he was met with a hearty laugh, and the remark of a wag, "I was sorry to see you descend to such 'trap-trap' manoeuvres as that." "Yes," was his quick reply; "but you'll admit I never undertake anything without going through."



A GERMAN MISSIONARY ITINERATING IN NORTHERN INDIA.

I BLAME THEE NOT!

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

I blame thee not!—I knew it all
Before a glance from thee
Could stir my heart as doth the wind
The slumber of the sea;
I knew, before thy presence made
Of this fair life a part,
Another, many a year had been
The idol of thy heart.

I never strove to check a love,
So hopeless and so bright,
Like some sweet star the schoolboy sees
In the far heavens at night;
And though, at times, there came a thought
That I was wronging thee,
I could not quench that star myself,
For it was life to me.

I never wished to steal a look,
Or thought of thine, from him;
I would not for the world have seen
His worshiped light grow dim;
I never meant to let thee know—
God grant I never did!
That in my heart I nursed for thee
A love, that love forbid.

So—hoping without hope, I loved;
Too blind to think how fast
The hour was stealing on me when
I must awake—"It's past!"
The fault was mine—I knew it all—
And yet, despite this pain,
As I have loved, I dare not say
I should not love again.

Well! Southern suns will soon renew
Thy cheeks' half-perished bloom;
While he, God bless him! proudly shares
Thy heart's long treasured gloom;
The bark that bears thee from the North,
With sails set for the sea,
Is fading on the misty main—
Good-bye to that and thee!

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

So peculiar, so striking, were the Catacombs of Paris, that although upwards of a quarter of a century has passed away since I visited them, I still find them vividly reflected on the mirror of my memory; and as they have now been shut up for the last twenty years, and will probably never again be thrown open, a short sketch of my visit to them, may, perhaps, be not wholly uninteresting. As I have already said, it was some thirty years since, one fine morning, we drove forth to see the catacombs.

Shortly after passing the barrier, our carriage came to a halt, and we all alighted. Within a few yards of the road we found the entrance to the catacombs. Here we were met by a guide, who distributed two or three small papers among the gentlemen of the party. This was a mere precautionary measure; but more than one rose faded from a fair cheek, as this hint of a possibility of danger was communicated to the party.

We now began a tedious descent down a corkscrew flight of steps, about 130 or 135 in number; our only light being the lighted torch carried by our cicerone. The tall of the party (for we could only go down two abreast) were left wholly in the dark. On ordinary occasions, such a circumstance would have elicited fun and frolic; but at the present moment not a titter was heard, not a joke was uttered. The rear kept as close as they could to the leading persons, apparently deeply awed at the idea of thus approaching the most extensive place of human sepulture existing in the known world.

In five minutes we had all descended, and as we gathered into a circle at the foot of the stairs, the guide held his torch on high, and waved it to and fro, the better to display the scene around us.

We were in a chamber (or rather, cellar) hewed out of the solid rock, which was somewhat elaborately arched over our heads. The height in the centre might have been about ten feet; the walls, from which the rock sprung, not more than six. The whole of this portion was covered in by human bones; white skulls formed a sort of border or cornice, and every here and there were so ar-

ranged, as to produce an ornamental pattern. At the first glance even some of the gentlemen shuddered, not from a feeling of fear, but from an instinctive horror they could not repress. Indeed, that man must have been wholly divested of feeling, who could thus find himself in an undisguised charnel-house, some eighty feet beneath the surface of the earth, without a sensation of disgust and awe—two closely, yet strangely mingling throbs.

"Look up," cried the guide; "look at the black line in the centre of the roof; should any accident befall you, and you have the misfortune to get separated, follow it till you arrive at this spot, and then ring yonder bell; it will bring you succor. There is a much thinner bar in another branch, which three British officers followed by mistake, when the English army were here, and got so entangled, that their bodies were not found for three weeks. They expired under one of the wells which lead to the surface; they probably perceived daylight, and died shouting for assistance; but no one heard them."

This was not a pleasing prologue to our day's entertainment, and the ladies did not hesitate to express their fears, at which the guide laughed heartily; but there was no responsive echo on our part.

We followed our leader through several branches extending nearly a quarter of a mile, and at length came to a circular opening, where there was erected an altar entirely formed of deformed spinal bones, and then went on between two rows of grinning skulls, till we arrived at a chamber, in the centre of which was a basin of live fish, that seemed to live in health and happiness in this strange spot; above us was one of the wells spoken of by our guide.

"What are the supposed origin of these catacombs?" asked Miss M.—

"Oh," replied our cicerone, without hesitation, "they are the great quarries from which the stone was taken by King Clovis to build Paris; they extend, in three different branches, nine miles, and one passage leads under the river almost to Montmartre."

"But how came they to be so well finished?" demanded B.—

"Oh, they were arched and ornamented by the monks, who lived in them, and only left them when the brigands and secret societies cleared them away, and took up their quarters in them."

Little Mary Smith, who is always asking foolish questions, naively demanded,

"Did they bring all these bones?"

"Not all, Mademoiselle, not all; they were turned out, or rather hunted out, about three or four centuries ago, and the king who then reigned had all these bones collected and brought here. It took fifteen years to arrange them."

"And whose bones are they?"

"That's the question; no one can tell; some say the bones of the Innocents were brought over here; some say they are those of the Protestants, who were killed in the St. Bartholomew affair; others declare they were taken out of every churchyard in Paris; while others believe them to be the skeletons of those who perished in the Great Plague."

This was the most unpleasant suggestion of all. We now began to fancy that the close smell which annoyed our olfactory nerves might be infectious; we might catch the plague; we might fall victims to some abominable contagion; already we wished ourselves out of those ghastly cellars.

We now proceeded on through a continuation of galleries, so similar in appearance, that there was little to remark. Our curiosity had been satisfied, and we now felt satiated and disgust.

All of a sudden, our guide, with his torch, disappeared. The ladies set up a general shriek, and the gentlemen, for a moment or two, vainly endeavored to dispel their fears; but alas! they had but little cheering information to give them. In less than a minute the man re-appeared, with his torch, laughing heartily at the fright he had given us. He had dodged behind a screen of bones, and thus alarmed us; he now rejoined us, much amused at the fun; but his hilarity was of

short duration, for an Irish young cousin of mine instantly knocked him down, and, as he lay sprawling, the light rolled from his hands, and had I not fortunately snatched it up, we might all have been lost in the dark and puzzling mazes of those fearful subterranean labyrinths.

The guide was raised and soothed; a fire-frame piece restored his good humor, and in a few minutes we reached the ascent which led to the free air of heaven. I was glad I had seen those strange excavations. They are now shut up, probably forever and aye; but were they again open, it would require a rich bribe to tempt me to revisit them.

H. R. ADDISON.

THE STEAM RAFT;
OCEAN-TRAVEL WITHOUT DANGER.

There is little doubt that landmen as well as landwomen, at sea, have a wholesome terror of being drowned, and a conviction that that accident is never unlikely to happen to them. The rapidity and delight with which all persons leap out of a boat, the instant that it touches the beach, after what is called a pleasure excursion, are not otherwise to be satisfactorily explained. They may reiterate, and do so many times—a fact which is in itself suspicious—how charming a voyage, how enjoyable a day they have had, but it is without any of the melancholy which pervades those who tell of a past pleasure. They are privately very well satisfied that the thing is over, and they alive to talk about it.

The existence of sea-sickness is in this respect not an unmitigated evil, since we can always refuse offers of nautical excursions upon that plea; whereas our real reason for refusal is, that we do not feel personally secure upon that Main which Britannia is said by a somewhat exaggerative trope to rule. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise? The ocean is everywhere pretty deep (or deep enough for all practical purposes, so far as we are concerned), generally rather rough, and when an accident does happen upon it, there is commonly nothing left for us but swimming—and then, if we cannot swim! We landmen are absolutely helpless in a case of shipwreck. In a carriage, if an incompetent driver suffers the horses to run away, we can seize the reins, and drive ourselves; in a railway train, one can at least leap out when we perceive a collision imminent; in a balloon, we can turn the gas off, and come down; but in a ship, we are utterly ignorant, powerless, and in the hands of others. This universal apprehension is indeed by no means without reason. The actual facts of the case are alarming beyond even what one would suppose without inquiry into them. Within the last few years there have been no less than fourteen first-class British and American ocean mail-steamer totally lost, with 2,572 lives, and two millions and a quarter of property in ships and cargo. Six of these vessels foundered no man knows where, for none survive to point out the place of their destruction. Conceive, then, what this list must swell to, together with the similar disasters among other nations, in half a century, when commerce shall have vastly increased, and it will be at once conceded that the subject is one which should interest us all in any endeavor to prevent the continuance of such a state of things.

Mr. George Catlin, author of the famous *Notes of Travel Among the North American Indians*, and known to most of us in connection with the Ojibway nation, has been led, through much personal experience of the peril of the sea, to devise a means for the safety of human life thereon.

"I am not," says he, "a naval architect, and therefore am bound by no rule or custom which may have made it a necessity, from the days of Noah, to commence a vessel by 'laying the keel'; but I am free to make an innovation upon the ordinary mode, which I would propose to do, by commencing and building up the hull of an ocean-steamer without a keel, and also without a crooked timber in it. We read of our travelling friends, at the last and awful moment, when those boasted 'floating palaces' of iron have carried them into the field of danger, and can no longer afford them protection, leaping into life-boats, which are swamped, and then, as the last—not hope, but instinct—clinging to a raft, a floating-spar, or a hen-coop, by which humble crafts their lives are saved. If passengers can ride out a gale in safety upon a raft of spars and cordage, without a biscuit to eat, after the 'noble vessel' has gone to the bottom of the ocean, why not start upon a raft, supplied with the necessities and comforts of life, and, with steam, compel it to navigate the ocean?"

The two great objects of the machine in question are speed and safety, which, indeed, are in some sort identical in ocean-travel, since the quicker the transit, the less the liability to disease within and storm without. Mr. Catlin, therefore, ignores all idea of cargo, "which can be insured, and may, and probably must continue to be dragged in shells, through the sea," and confines his attention to passenger-ships only, travelling upon and above the surface.

I would propose to form the solid hull of an ocean passenger-steamer, say 250 feet in length, with 50 feet beam, of squared and seasoned white pine or cotton-wood timbers; building it up by transverse, horizontal, compact layers of such timbers, of equal size, crossing each other and the hull diagonally, in the manner represented in the plate [which accompanies the pamphlet]; squared with a steam-saw, so as to form the most perfect solidity of timber, put together, with iron and wooden bolts, obliquely driven, and laid in heated tar or pitch, or cement; planking the sides and bottom, and covering the whole with sheathing iron; thus rendering it entirely impervious to water and to fire. The hull that I contemplate,

constructed on this diagonal system, presenting the stiffest and strongest resistance to the accidents of the sea which human skill can devise, would be built in comparatively a short time, and being launched into its element, becomes a raft, upon which her upper works, her cabins, saloons, &c., being completed, she would present externally much the appearance of an ordinary steamer, though the hull, even when freighted, would be, to and above the water-line, a solid mass of timber. I thus present the anomaly of the hull of a steamer which no ocean-tempest can break—that no collision or iceberg can materially injure—that sunken rocks cannot rip open in the bottom—that cannot spring a leak—that cannot burn or carry bilge-water; and that cannot sink, unless it be charged with more than its tonnage, which would always be decided at its starting-point; for what it can start with, it can carry with safety to the remotest bounds of the ocean, if it be conducted there."

Seasoned white pine or cotton-wood log, when afloat, sinks only to or near its centre; therefore, if sawed lengthways into two equal parts, one half in the water is able to carry the other half, or nearly so, high and dry. The hull of a steamer constructed as above, will carry, then, seasoned timber nearly equal to its own bulk and weight without bringing its deck below the water-line; and if so, reasons Mr. Catlin, it is able to carry, with its engine and fuel, a thousand passengers in spacious and splendid saloons (lined with zinc or copper to guard against fire, which, however, rarely originates there), and standing upon its solid and unconsumable deck. As for the material, there are cotton-wood timbers now growing upon the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri, from fifty to one hundred feet in height, and without knot or limb, which may be had for years to come, by those who will take the pains to cut them down and roll them into the river. These having been perfectly squared by the steam-saw, could be bored lengthways by a steam-auger, passing through the centre, taking out the heart, and greatly lessening the weight of the timber without diminishing its strength, as it is thus converted into a cylinder; then being blocked up and hermetically sealed at the ends—so that being laid in the hull they may be perfectly air and water tight—they will be ready for shipping to any part of the world. "The hull I have proposed, constructed in this manner, perfectly shaped into the intended form, and as yet a solid mass of straight timbers, without siding, ribs, or casing of any kind, to be efficiently calked, covered with several coats of heated tar or pitch, hermetically sealing the pores of the timbers, and the joints between them, and double planked, as before mentioned; the first a vertical layer of planks or ribs, extending above the deck, and of sufficient height and strength to aid in the formation of the superstructure and bulwarks; and the second, a longitudinal layer of less thickness, and covered as aforesaid, if advisable, with sheathing iron, thus rendering it entirely impervious to water and to fire."

As for the water-tight compartments of the present boasted "floating palaces," Mr. Catlin believes not in them, but considers them good for nothing, except as advertisements. What think we of them, he inquires grimly, when they become "sinking palaces"? For, if one of the said compartments be filled with water, the vessel is thrown out of trim, and, in a heavy sea, must needs go to pieces, as in the case of the ill-fated *Lygonia*. Again, in the ordinary steamboats, during a storm, one paddle-wheel is often deeply immersed, while the other is acting upon the surface of the water; or, the screw, alternately elevated and depressed, is deranged in its action by the force of the waves passing across the stem of the vessel. But for Mr. Catlin's steam-raft a *sub-motive* propeller is suggested. "I propose an endless chain, with floats or buckets, to be delivered by a drum of large diameter upon the deck, through the hull, near its middle, into the groove, which it follows to the stern; the floats or buckets acting upon the solid and unbroken water under the centre of the vessel, and entirely below the water-line." It is difficult, without the aid of the plates which accompany this pamphlet, to afford any very accurate idea of this propeller; or of the method by which the ballast is obtained, by breadth-of-beam and shallowness of draught, as well as by the groove under the centre of the hull. We can certify that it looks at least exceedingly promising and scientific, and demands attention if only for its ingenious simplicity. While impressing upon us the fatal dangers to which all are exposed who go down to the sea in ships of the present construction, he does not neglect to remind us of their less inconveniences, such as "that dismal and dreaded malady" of ocean-travel which is called (inadequately) sea-sickness.

"Sea-sickness is, I believe, but *keel-sickness*. There is nothing sickening in the simple motion of the sea; its mountain wave is the most delightful 'swing' that was ever erected between the heavens and the earth. Man swims upon the highest wave, or rides it on a log or on a raft, with perfect pleasure, and free from sickness. Like the boy in a swing, if we check or otherwise derange his descending motion by a line attached to his toe, causing his head to descend faster than his feet, he is instantly 'sea-sick,' and glad to get his feet to the ground again. It is this complication of motion which produces sea-sickness, for which a vessel with a flat bottom and no keel (such as that Mr. Catlin proposes), would be the most probable remedy." The invention of any machine whereby we might be carried across the ocean without danger, would indeed be a revolution in ship-building; but that of one which would do so without making us sick, would be an era in civilization. The two great, and indeed only objections to ocean-travel would thus be removed. Of the practicability of Mr. Catlin's ingenious scheme, we are not qualified to speak; but we may mention that, some short time back, a solid hull, or ship-raft, built somewhat after the above fashion, but propelled by steam, did come safely over from America to this country, where it was immediately broken up and sold as timber, in accordance with the intention of the owners.

* *The Steam-raft. Suggested as a Means of Security to Human Life upon the Ocean.* By G. Catlin. Falmouth, Manchester. 1860.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

Do not mind my crying, Papa, I am not crying
for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, Papa, I am not shaking
with fear!
Though the wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain,
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

Somewhere else that you love, Papa,
Somewhere else that you dearly love,
Is weary, like me, because you're away.
Sometimes I see her lips tremble and move,
And I seem to know what they're going to say;
And every day, and all the long day,
I long to cry: "Oh, Mamma, Mamma,
When will Papa come back again?"
But before I can say it I see the pain
Creeping on her white, white cheek,
As the sweet, and sunshine creeps up the white
wall.

And then I am sorry, and fear to speak;
And slowly the pain goes out of her cheek,
Is weary, like me, because you're away.
Oh, I wish I were grown up and tall,
That I might throw my arms round her neck,
And say, "Dear Mamma, oh, what is it all
That I see and do and do not see
In your white, white face all the living day?"
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

Where were you going, Papa, Papa?
All this long while have you been on the sea?
When she looks as if she saw far away,
Is she thinking of you? and what does she see?
Are the white sails blowing,
And the blue men rowing,
And are you standing on the high deck
Where we saw you stand till the ship grew
gray.

And we watched and watched till the ship was a
speck,
And the dark came first to you far away?
I wish I could see what she can see,
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

Don't you remember, Papa, Papa,
How we used to sit by the fire, all three,
And she told me tales while I sat on her knee,
And heard the winter winds roar down the street,
And knock like men at the window pane;
And the louder they roared, oh, it seemed more
sweet.

To be warm and warm as we used to be,
Sitting at night by the fire, all three.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

Papa, I like to sit by the fire;
Why does she sit far away in the cold?
If I had but somebody else and old,
That every day I might cry and say,
"Is she changed, do you think, or do I forget?
Was she always as white as she is to-day?
Did she never carry her head up higher?
Papa, Papa, if I could but know!
Do you think her voice was always so low?
Did I always see what I seem to see
When I wake up at night and her pillow is wet?
You used to say her hair it was gold—
It looks like silver to me.
But still she tells the same tales that she told,
She sings the same songs when I sit on her
knee.

And the house goes on as it went long ago,
When we lived together all three.
Sometimes my heart seems to sink, Papa,
And I feel as if I could be happy no more.
Is she changed, do you think, Papa,
Or do I dream she was brighter before?
She makes me remember my snow-drops, Papa,
That I forgot in thinking of you.
The sweetest snow-drop that ever I knew!
But I put it out of the sun and the rain;
It was green and white when I put it away,
It had one sweet bell and green leaves four;
It was green and white when I found it that
day.

It had one pale bell and green leaves four,
But it was not glad of it any more.
Was it changed, do you think, Papa,
Or did I dream it was brighter before?

Do not mind my crying, Papa,
I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, Papa,
I am not shaking with fear!

Though the wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain,
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS,"
"DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED
COURT FARM," &c.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

LORD DANE'S LEVEE. THE FLAG HALF MAST
HIGH.

Never sure was such a levee seen or heard
of. It had no parallel in history, ancient or
modern. Her majesty sometimes has a crowd-
ed court, her subjects pressing in to do her
honor, but her crowds are all of that class
who back on the sunny side of life: no La-
zarus must mix with them. The levee at
Dane Castle was of a different nature.

It appeared that Lord Dane with his in-
duction to the home of his ancestors, had
taken a new lease of life, so well did he
appear. His malady was of a nature to cause
him at times excruciating agony, varied with
interludes, lasting perhaps a week or fort-
night, even more, of freedom from pain. His
last attack at the Sailor's Rest, when he sent for
Mr. Apperly, had been so violent as to induce
a belief in himself and Doctor Green that the
end was fast approaching, but he appeared
now to have completely rallied from it. Ex-
citement is of benefit in some cases; perhaps
it had been so to him.

The castle was thrown open at ten o'clock
on the morning of the levee, a brilliant morn-
ing in winter, with a blue sky and a bright
sun. It was known to be Lord Dane's plea-
sure that all should attend it, of whatever de-
gree, high or low; of whatever character,
bad or good. Not confined to the Dives of
life was it, the aristocratic few of Lord Dane's
own rank, who might claim the right of en-
tree; not confined was it to the still more
scanty few of the good and great; the poor
fishermen were as welcome as the exclusive
gentlemen; and the poachers and smugglers
were expressly told to be there. The lower
end of the large hall was lined with the Dane
retainers, in their handsome livery of purple,
their white coats laced with silver. Buff
and Ravensbird stood behind Lord Dane: un-
commonly proud was Buff that day.

How fast the visitors flocked in, none could
tell, save those who witnessed it, all pushing
eagerly to welcome and do honor to Lord
Dane. Mad he been made of hands, there
would scarcely have been sufficient to satisfy
the ardent crowd. He stood with them both
outstretched; he had a kind look, a low,
heartfelt word for all. His son stood at his
right hand, and he presented him individu-
ally to all. Wilfred Lester was also very near
him, treated by him with marked affection
and distinction: Lord Dane was determined
to do what he could towards bringing Wil-
fred back to his proper standing in society,
towards reinstating him in the respect of the
world. Men saw with surprise that day that
Squire Lester also paid consideration to his
son: it must be remembered that the last and
worst episode, the breaking into the Hall,
was not known or suspected to be his work.

"Ah, my lord," cried Mr. Wild, the sur-
geon, as he too offered his greetings to Lord
Dane, "but it was not well of you to be at-
tended by a stranger at the Sailor's Rest.
Doctor Green has been but two years in the
place, and I grew up in it; your father
thought me skillful enough for him."

Lord Dane laid his hand on the doctor's
shoulder.
"Wild," he laughed, "I appoint you sur-
geon in ordinary to me from henceforth: not
that I shall live to employ you long; you
must get my son to fall ill after I am gone,
and exercise your skill on him. Why, man,
don't you see the reason of my calling in a
stranger instead of you. You would have
known me for Harry Dane at the first glance,
and would have gone crowing with the secret
all over Danesheld: that would not have
served my plans just then."

Mr. Wild shook his head.
"It has taken me down a notch, though,
to think that you should have called in a
stranger."

When the hall was full, and people had
done coming in, so far as could be judged,
William Dane—no longer William Lydney—
left his father's side and mixed with the
crowd. Nearly the first eye lighted particu-
larly on, was Inspector Young.

"I hope, sir, you won't remember past
times with resentment," began he, "and visit
your displeasure upon me when you come
into power as chief of Danesheld."

"What an idea!" laughed William. "I
gave you credit for better sense, Young; or
at any rate believed that you would give me
credit for better. You did your simple duty,
and none of us can do more. We shall be
famous friends," he added, holding out his
hand, and the gratified man took it grasping-
ly. His night's rest had been spoiled by the
thought that he had taken into custody and
treated as a common prisoner the Honorable
Geoffrey William Dane.

Who should William come upon next,
skulking near the door behind the servants,
and not daring to advance, but Ben Beecher.
It was the first time they had met since the
midnight encounter in Squire Lester's hall:
Beecher and his two companions had been
keeping themselves close and quiet since, but
they had ventured to the castle this day,
arguing that their absence might tell against
them worse than their presence; so they had
assumed what bold faces they might, and
followed in the wake of the stream. Their
share in the exploit was known to two or
three; it was perhaps suspected by Squire
Lester; but there was no fear that further
notice would be taken: for since the discov-
ery relative to his son, Squire Lester had be-
come anxious to hush up the affair, as he
had previously been to investigate it. William
Dane knew this.

"Is it you, Ben Beecher, come to pay me a
visit in my own house?" he cheerily began.
"More space to welcome you here, than I had
at the Sailor's Rest. Why don't you come
forward to my lord? your father has already
had his confab out with him."

"Sir, how could you go on deceiving us
and blinding us in that way?" returned Ben
Beecher, in a tone of timid deprecation. "If
we had dreamt that you were the Lord Dane
—or as good as the lord—should we ever
have let you know our secrets? Why, there's
not a thing about us but what you know,
even the very worst."

"I am glad I do," replied William.
"It has just stopped our fun forever!"
uttered Beecher.

"I hope it has," he laughed. "That is the
very best calamity that could happen to you."

"Yes, sir; but you may just have us all
look up to-morrow, and transported upon your
sole evidence."

"No, Beecher, I shall not do that," he
gravely answered. "I would much rather
keep you here, in the hope that you will be
loyal dependents of mine when I do become
your lord. I wish that time might be very
far off, Beecher; but I fear it is all too close.
You say I had knowledge of the worst: I
certainly did know of your ventures in the
poaching line, and I did hold to the hope
that there your sins ended: I never could
have believed that you would rush upon the
crime of midnight housebreaking. I should
have been the first to give you into custody,
had I known it. What could possess you to
engage—"

"Hush-sh-sh!" interrupted Beecher, glanc-
ing round him with a pale face. But the

Of the numerous improvements in skates
suggested by the fashionable and truly de-
lightful exercise of skating, there is none
more novel than the one here illustrated.
This skate has two parallel runners, from
one-half to three-fourths of an inch apart,
firmly connected together and joined by a
hinge to the wood, in the manner plainly
shown in the cut, Fig. 1. This hinge allows
the wood, and with it the foot of the wearer,
to turn down sideways, while the runners
preserve their parallel position on the ice, thus
very materially relieving the ankle from
that strain which is the most fatiguing part of
the exercise. A stiff spring, a, is firmly se-
cured at the middle to the bottom of the wood,
and has its ends bent down between the run-
ners, pressing against their inner sides, and
preserving the wood in a horizontal position
except when the power of the spring is over-
come.

The mode of fastening this skate to the foot
is remarkably simple, convenient, and effec-
tual. Two plates, b, b, Fig. 2, are secured to

room was too full of humming commotion to
afford chance of its overhearing. "The whole
fault was Wilfred Lester's; he beguiled us
into it; I swear he did. Sir, he never put it
into us in the light of a crime; he harped upon
his own wrongs, his father's cruelty, and said
would he help him to get out of his own deed.
I'm sure what he said might have talked a
regiment of saints into helping him."

"It was a crime and a disgraceful one,"
repeated William Dane; "all the accessories
were bad. The disguising crape alone would
have stamped you villains. It is all very well
to lay the blame on Wilfred Lester—I do not
deny he bears the chief share of it—to say
the abstraction of the deed was the object;
unless I am mistaken, your object was the
plate chest."

"When men of our sort get put right in
the way of temptation, you, being what you
are, sir, can't understand how well high im-
possible it is for 'em to go aside from it," was
Beecher's answer.

"Yes I can, I can understand it all," inter-
rupted William.
"Once inside the house, took into it, too,
by the Squire's own son, and the plate chest
handy, it was hardly in the nature of man
not to help themselves," pleaded Beecher.
"We should never have put our necks
in the noose of our own accord, but Wil-
fred, he took us into it; and that's how it
was. If it was the last word I had to speak,
we never did such a thing afore, and the
fright has been such a lesson to us, that we
shall never do it again. Posing on shore a
bit of tobacco, or taking off a hare, or a stray
goose, or a chicken, have been in our line,
but not them graver things. There is a
word lodged about Danesheld and other neigh-
boring places, as their work or the police let
them, and go into worse things, and we know
'em, and are friendly with 'em, but we have
never joined 'em, and we wouldn't do it, and
that I declare's the truth. It was them I
thought might have helped themselves to
that box when it was missing, Mr. Lydney."

"Mr. Dane," corrected William, with a
smile.

"Dash my memory! I wish it never had
been Dane, though. Is Squire Lester going
to issue a warrant against us—does he sus-
pect it was us?" continued the man, again
glancing round him.

"Whether Squire Lester suspects or not, I
cannot inform you; he does not know. Do
you know what my opinion is, Beecher?"

"What, sir?"

"That the better mode of proceeding for
all parties, will be to do nothing; but to let
the affair die in silence. Were I Lord Dane,
I should recommend that to Squire Lester
with all my influence."

"Ah, if he would!" uttered Beecher, his
eyes sparkling.

"Allow me to recommend you, all of you
who were engaged in it, to be entirely silent.
Never speak of it even among yourselves;
never let the name of Wilfred Lester, as con-
nected with it, escape your lips. It is the
only safe plan. Were he brought to book
for it, you must inevitably be brought also;
my own evidence, which I should be called
upon then to give, would convict you. Re-
member, I saw and recognized you three in
the house, but I did not see him in it."

"True, true," whispered Beecher. "Oh,
sir! if you would, but be merciful to us, and
keep our counsel! We'd promise faithfully
never to go upon your lands in return for it.
I'm sure if we had known, that night, that
it was the young Lord of Danesheld who
pounced upon us in the hall, and not Mr.
Lydney, I for one should have been fit to go
and hang myself. As to splitting upon Wil-
fred Lester, we should never do that, for our
own sakes."

"Beecher, will you make a bargain with
me? If I undertake that—through my in-
fluence, or my father's, with Squire Lester—
you shall never be proceeded against for this
midnight crime, even should your participa-
tion in it come to Squire Lester's ears, will
you promise, on your parts, to drop the
disreputable lives you have hitherto been

loading, eschew expeditions against game
and game-keepers, and let the Dane lands
alone!"

"Yes, we will," answered Beecher,
eagerly.

"In our first encounter in the wood, which
you may not have forgotten, I told you that
it was no business of mine did you prove
about the Dane preserves all day, a gun in
one hand and snares in the other, seeing
they were not mine. Virtually they were
mine, at least my father's, but actually they
were in possession of him who was then
called Lord Dane. I told you also, that if
they were mine, the affair would be very dif-
ferent. You must see that it is, Beecher. It
is my duty now to protect the lands, and I
shall do it."

"I can't gainsay it, my lord," returned
Beecher, who seemed lost in thought.

"What slips of the tongue you do make!"
merrily cried William. "I am no more 'my
lord' than I am Mr. Lydney; you're doing
me wrong, I expect. The ex-
ord, Mr. Herbert, had a reverence for game,
people say; I have more reverence for one
man's well doing than I have for all the
game in England; nevertheless, I respect and
shall uphold the game laws. Cannot you
and I contrive to remain friends, Beecher, in
spite of them?"

"Friends!" echoed the man, with deep
feeling.

"I said friends. It will be your fault if we
are not. You cannot suppose I shall take
advantage of the past in any way; of the
knowledge which circumstances brought to
me touching your pursuits. You once said,
Beecher, that had you been dealt with in a
kinder spirit, you might have been different
men. Suppose you begin to be so from this
day, and I will help you. Wrong doings
will not fit you for the next world, or speak
for you when you get there."

Beecher made no answer; his face was
working.

"You shall have constant work on the
estate, and be well paid for it in fair wages;
a more safe and certain living, than what
you obtain from your night expeditions. The
estate has been well kept up, but its laborers
have been neglected; I shall hope to go
upon a different plan, to make it a model
one."

"The estate or the men?" cried Beecher,
with little regard to the laws of grammar.

"Both," smiled William Dane. "The men
must be true to me, and I shall be true to
them. They must give me their best service,
not eye service, and I will ever consider their
true interests in a kind and watchful spirit;
in short, I intend that we should be friends
in the best sense of the word, they and I,
identifying our interest one with the other.
Will you be one, Beecher?"

The man half stole his hand out before he
answered.

"Ay, I will, sir; I'll do as you wish me;
for I'm pretty near tired of the life I have
led."

"A bargain! and we will neither of us go
from it," whispered William as he shook it.

But there was another colloquy, one per-
haps more interesting to the reader, taking
place in a further corner of the apartment;
and those, holding it, were Herbert, ex-Lord
Dane, and Richard Ravensbird.

"Concealment for us all is over with its
necessity, Ravensbird," Herbert Dane was
observing. "Your conduct of the past puz-
zled me: let me hear its explanation."

Ravensbird looked at him steadily.

"Are you speaking of the time of the acci-
dent, sir? when my master fell from the
heights?"

"I am. I thought your manners then were
remarkably strange. To begin with, you
protested to me that you could lay your finger
upon the man who had caused it. What
induced you to say that? and to whom did
you allude?"

"Shall I speak out freely, sir? I must, if I
speak at all."

"I wish you to speak out; otherwise I
should not have desired you."

"Then, sir, I entertained no manner of

doubt that my master had been deliberately
pushed over; murdered. And I believed it
was you who had done it."

"The doubt was upon me at the time that
you suspected me. But why should you have
done so?"

"Because I knew that both you and he
were after my Lady Adelaide. I was his
servant, firm to his interests, and it was I who
told him she favored you, and not him. I
had been the previous evening in the ruins,
and I saw your meeting with her. Sir, why
frown upon me in that haughty manner? I
am speaking out at your request, but I can
be silent if you will. I told my master that
you and she were in the habit of meeting
there, and I got kicked out for it. When,
that same night, a struggle took place on the
heights close to the ruins, ending in my mas-
ter's destruction, I naturally looked ahead
for motives that might have induced it.—
Danesheld gave me the credit for it. I knew
that I was innocent—that I had not been
near the place; and my own suspicions natu-
rally flew to you. I felt as certain, Mr. Her-
bert, that you had done the deed, as that I
had not done it, and if I could have enter-
tained doubt at all, you yourself, sir, drove it
away."

"In what manner?"

"You told me that you could hang me—
that the threats against Captain Dane which
I had uttered in your presence in the morn-
ing, would be sufficient to hang me, if you
chose to disclose them. I said to you, then,
why did you not hang me: and you replied
that you would not go out of your way to do
it, for you had me ill-will against me, and that
if you got me hung on the nearest tree, it
would not recall the past, or bring the dead
back to life. I had my common sense about
me, and I knew that if you were innocent,
you would be the first to tell of those threats.

I was but an obscure servant; you were one
of the Danes, and his cousin. Just for a
little moment that story of the packman stag-
gered me; but I soon threw it away as worth-
less. Sir, you and I were playing a crafty
game with each other then; you saw I sus-
pected you, I felt sure that you saw it; you
urged me that it would be better if I quitted
Danesheld; I answered that I should stay in
it, and I boldly demanded of you the prefer-
ence, when you were granting the lease of the
Sailor's Rest. Mr. Herbert, I felt that you
would not dare to refuse me."

"What could have been your attraction to
Danesheld?" inquired Herbert Dane. "One
would have thought you would be glad to
quit it, after having been arrested for the
murder."

"That is just the reason I remained in it,
sir. I felt as certain that the time would
come when I should be cleared, as certain as
that the cloud had fallen. It occurred to me
at the time to declare my suspicions to Lord
Dane; but in the first place I had no proof
that it was you, and in the second my lord
was so bitter against me, believing I was the
transgressor, that he would probably have
refused all credit to anything I might have
said. Thank a good Providence that it is at
last cleared!" fervently continued Ravens-
bird, "and in a brighter manner than any of
us expected."

"Ay," echoed Herbert Dane, in a tone of
unmistakable relief. "If I lose my wealth
and honors, Ravensbird, I gain peace. There
is one thing never accounted for: your ab-
sence from the Sailor's Rest for an hour and
a half that same night, and your refusal to
state where you were."

"I was in no mischief," answered Ravens-
bird, a comical look on his grim countenance.
"I was doing a bit of courting, and I did not
choose to proclaim my private affairs for the
benefit of Danesheld. I had spoken a
hasty word to Sophie when I left the castle,
in the morning, and whispered her to meet
me in the evening, when my Lady Adelaide
should be dressed for dinner. Sophie came,
and we were pacing about in the field path
behind the castle all the while. It was bright
moonlight."

"Pray did you honor me by imparting your
suspicions of me to Sophie—after the catas-
trophe occurred?"

"Not I, sir," returned Ravensbird, shaking
his head. "Sophie's no better than other wo-
men, where the tongue is concerned, and it
would pretty soon have been all over Dane-
sheld. I never disclosed them, Mr. Herbert,
to a living soul; if I suspected you myself, I
did not do you the injury of trying to put
you wrong with others. Many and many a
time, though, have I wondered that Sophie
did not suspect, because she knew about you
and Lady Adelaide, and also that I imparted
it to Captain Dane before he kicked me out;
but she never seemed to glance at that phase
of the question, and I was glad she did not."

"You must have been thunderstruck when
the life boat brought him ashore."

"Thunderstruck!" echoed Ravensbird,
"that's not a strong enough word, sir; there's
no part of speech in the English language
that is, and I thought what a jackass I had
been, to mistake that body, cast up, for his.
I did not know him till—let me see, I think
it was the next night, he had kept himself
covered over with the bedclothes, and hid his
face with that purple shade, so that I had not
any look at him, to speak of. The next night
he began talking about Danesheld, saying he
had once been near the place; and what with
his astonishment at hearing of its changes,
and what with finding that I was as true and
attached to him as ever I had been in my
life, why he pushed the shade up and let me
see his features. The surprise pretty well
knocked me down. We were obliged to tell
Sophie, because she would have recognized
him as readily as I, and he could not always
keep his face hid; and his eyes got well di-
rectly, affording no excuse for the shade.—
How Sophie succeeded in keeping the secret,
and mortifying her tongue as long as she did,
will always be a joke against her; but my
lord threatened her with unheard-of penalties
if she disclosed it."

"You must have known that Captain
Dane, when he fell, had a son living in
America?"

"Of course I knew it, sir, but I did not

consider I was bound to disclose it. I felt
that the young gentleman, who was then
fourteen, would be able to come over and see
after his father, and it would be time enough
then for me to bear testimony that he was
truly his son. When the years went on,
and Master William never came, I used to
fear he was dead, and wondered who had
inherited all the money. But that I did not
care to leave the inn and Danesheld to take
care of themselves, I might have gone over to
the States to see how it was, for the lad was al-
ways a favorite of mine; worth his weight in
gold; and thanked I am that he has turned
up all right at last."

The levee came to an end, and the castle
resumed its quietude. Herbert Dane re-
mained for the present the guest of Lord
Dane, as did Wilfred Lester and his wife; and
the strange commotion caused by the scene
was beginning to subside in Danesheld.

A family dinner party was about to be held
in the castle, no guests invited, save the Les-
ters and Miss Bordillon. Miss Dane, who
still officiated as the castle's mistress, made
her appearance in the drawing-room on the
appointed evening, a perfect marvel of grace,
ringlets, flowers, and pretty colors. Edith
was with her, quiet and sad; and soon arrived
Lady Adelaide, her husband, and Maria, next,
Miss Bordillon. In short, all had assembled
except Lord Dane.

"Dinner is served, my lord," announced
Buff, throwing wide the door for them to
pass out; but William spoke hastily.

"His lordship is not here yet, Buff."

"Oh,—I beg your pardon, sir. I under-
stood James to say that dinner was being
waited for."

"Buff, you had better apprise my lord,"
called out Miss Dane.

He went across the corridor to Lord Dane's
room, and knocked at it. There was no reply.
Buff knocked again. Still there came no
answer, and the man then tried the door. It
was fastened. He went back to the drawing-
room, and beckoned out William.

"Sir, I can't get into my lord's room, and
I cannot make him hear. I fear he must be
ill."

"Dead," was on Buff's tongue, remember-
ing the precarious state of Lord Dane, but he
did not utter it. William hastened to the door.
The rest, who had caught sight of Buff's
alarmed countenance, followed him. William
put up his finger for silence, and his ear to
the door, but not a sound was heard.

"My dear father, are you ready? We are
waiting for you," he said, in a clear, distinct
voice.

No response.

"Do pray just speak one word, Lord Dane,
if only to assure us you are not in a fit," cried
Miss Dane, in coaxing and trembling accents,
for she was easily alarmed. "Harry, then!
don't you speak?"

"I shall break open the door," said Wil-
liam, hurriedly. "Had you not better"—he
looked at the ladies—"go back to the draw-
ing-room?"

The door was forced, and there lay Lord
Dane on the bed. He was not dead, but he
appeared to have fainted; feeling ill, he had
probably thrown himself on the bed for a
few minutes' rest.

"Mr. Wild and Dr. Green, instantly," whis-
pered William to Buff.

Lord Dane revived to speech and con-
sciousness before they arrived, but death was
upon him.

"The night will close it, William," he said,
"but I have waited for it long. Maria," tak-
ing her hand, "you will be William's wife?"

"Yes," she answered, through her tears.

"Don't wait for months and months to
elapse first, because I have but just gone,"
he continued to them both. "Remember, it
is my wish that you marry shortly; and I
leave my blessing upon it. William will be
lonely here alone. Where is Adelaide?" he
resumed, looking round, after a pause.

She had remained in the drawing-room
with Miss Dane. One of them went for her.
"Come close to me, Adelaide," he said,

NEWS ITEMS.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERSONS have been killed in the great fire at St. Louis, Mo., on Thursday night. The fire broke out at a late hour, and spread with great rapidity, consuming a large portion of the city. The fire was caused by a gas lamp in a saloon, and the fire spread to the adjacent buildings. The fire was extinguished after a long and successful struggle.

W. E. READ, a blind man from this city, who has recently completed, without aid, a piano which was exhibited last week at the Indiana State Fair, and is said to be a fine instrument.

CORRY OIL.—It is said that Indian corn produces a clear fluid, which burns without odor, without smoke, and is inexpensive, affording a good light, in an ordinary kerosene lamp, for half a cent an hour. The corn oil is clear and colorless as water.

BENNETT OGDENKIMER, of New Jersey, has issued an address calling upon the churches in his diocese to take up collections on Thanksgiving day for the benefit of the sufferers in Kansas.

RANDAL CLARK was fined, at the late term of the Circuit Court of Lowndes county, Alabama, one thousand dollars, for not feeding his slaves well.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—The Fort Wayne (Indiana) Times says that a most terrible tragedy occurred in Adams county, in that State, a few days previous. A woman about to churn butter threw some boiling water in the churn, into which one of the children had, unnoticed by the mother, placed an infant, and it was instantly scalded to death. In due season the mother seized a chair and inflicted a death blow upon the little girl. After realizing what she had done, she threw herself into the well and was drowned.

FROM THE CHAIR TO THE GRAVE.—One of the most remarkable events in every day life that has ever come under our observation, occurred in the suburbs of this city during the present week. A lady gave birth to a child, was married, and died the same day.—*Levi's Journal.*

AN AFFLICTED WIDOW.—A lady who lives near Lockport, Ill., lost her husband, two sons and a brother by the Lady Elgin disaster. Five years ago she lost three children by the cholera. Fifteen months ago she lost a daughter. Out of seven children she has one and only one child left. In penury and poverty and pining want, she lives destitute of clothing, almost, with a cheerless shelter and a heart full of grief.

A SUPPLY OF COTTON IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Some of our large manufacturers have recently taken an account of stock, and find that they have cotton on hand sufficient to last through the winter. The Naumkeag Mills, of Salem, have enough of this staple for use until the first of next October.—*Boston Herald.*

DRUIDICAL REMAINS.—An article in a recent number of the "Quarterly Review," under the title of "Stonehenge," has drawn the attention of the English public to the similarity, if not identity, of certain sepulchral and other remains existing in Great Britain and elsewhere in Western Europe—ordinarily classed as Druidical—with the structures to be found in various parts of the continent of India, to which a Buddhist origin is assigned. One of our most experienced Oriental antiquaries (Major Cunningham), so long ago as 1854, in his work on the "Hindu Topos," commented on, and partially illustrated, the general identity and cognate design of the monuments of the East and West.—*English Paper.*

GARIBOLDI seems fond of having Americans near him. Two prominent members of his staff are natives of the United States, and a great number of American surgeons have recently joined the "Band of Freedom." The latest known accession is that of the "Balloon Brothers Brooks," who, in compliance with an autograph letter from Garibaldi, have accepted appointments in the army, and will give the benefit of their aerial knowledge to the reconnoitering parties who may be looking out for the Neapolitan forces.

ENGLISH IMITATION OF YANKEE INSTITUTIONS.—The setting apart of a day for giving, a custom of New England for the past two hundred years, has, after spreading through the United States, reached the British province of Canada. The Public Administrator of that province has issued a proclamation, setting apart for such purpose Thursday, the sixth day of December next.

MR. DAMPLER, a farmer residing near Tanton, England, is said to have a horse in his possession, aged 56 years, which he rides daily about the farm, and occasionally goes out hunting with. The animal is still fresh on his legs, and free from blemish.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS were designed more than two thousand years ago. See 1 Maccabees iv. 12, wherein an account is given of the high priest Jason, who escorted King Antiochus into Jerusalem "with torchlight and great shouting." Jason lived in the fourth century, B. C.

SUCKING OF A BOY.—A boy about 14 years of age, son of John Virt, a resident of the town of Macomb, New York, was published on Friday, the 9th ult., by his mother, for some fault. Deeming his punishment unjust, he started for the woods, telling his mother it was the last time she would see him alive. He then made a rope of some basswood bark, and hung himself from a tree.

A THICK SKIN.—During an exhibition of Dan Rice's circus, at Memphis, Tenn., on the night of the 10th ult., it was proposed to show that the hide of the rhinoceros was bullet-proof. Captain Travis, the celebrated pistol shot, then fired a bullet at the animal, which fell flattened to the floor, not breaking the skin, nor even causing the animal to wince, when struck.

COLORS MOST LIKELY TO BE HIT.—It would appear from numerous observations that soldiers are hit during battle according to the color of their dress in the following order:—Red is the most fatal color; the least fatal, Austrian gray. The proportions are red 12, rifle green 7, brown 6, Austrian bluish-gray 5.

MR. LINCOLN, the President elect, recently visited Chicago, and there met Mr. Hamlin, Vice President elect. Mr. Lincoln made several short speeches, unimportant, but of a conciliatory tone, along the route.

CLOSE OF LAKE NAVIGATION.—Navigation on the Lakes is rapidly approaching its close. Last year it ceased on the 29th of November, and there were then in Chicago, Illinois, 207,549 bushels of grain in store. At the present time there are about 1,500,000 bushels of grain at that place, and they are receiving about 600,000 bushels per week, which will leave a much larger amount on hand at the close of navigation this year than there was in 1859.

THE LAND OFFICE has ordered a survey of the Kansas Indian Reservation in Kansas. About three-fifths of it is to be sold to whites, as stipulated by a recent treaty with the Indians, and the proceeds to be appropriated for their benefit. The remaining two-fifths are to be laid out in forty-acre lots, one of which is to be held by each Indian in severalty.

A HAPPY EDITOR.—The editor of a paper published in Hudson, N. H., in announcing his retirement, says: "I have no regrets to make—not a mistake to atone for a blunder to mourn over."

HOW SAINTS REACT AT FIRE'S PEAK.—Mr. R. M. Sherman, of this city, while on a recent visit to his son, an assayer on Nevada Gulch, Pike's Peak, saw a sign swinging over a small log cabin, with the words, "Saints' Rest," but imagine his surprise on finding a party of miners busily engaged with cards, gambling, swearing, smoking and drinking. He took out his memorandum book, and made an entry something like this: "Sunday—Saints' Rest—A dozen men gambling, swearing, etc. Such is life at Pike's Peak." A BRIGADE of volunteers from St. Louis, about 600 strong, have left for the scene of disturbances on the border of Kansas.

"PANIC DEAD."—The money report of the *Phila. Press*, of the 23d, says:—"Panic is dead," says the New York Courier and Enquirer. He died, according to that authority, on Wednesday, at 5 P. M., and yesterday his funeral was one which produced very general rejoicing. The same announcement, with very little difference as to the hour of his death, may be made here. The wise and timely action of our banks, in interposing for the relief of their debtors, produced all that was expected of it in calming the excitement, and both the stock and money markets to-day exhibit a cheerfulness and elasticity of tone in striking contrast with the gloom and depression of the previous ten days. In the money market, rates have fallen at least twelve per cent. per annum since noon of yesterday.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y. ROSS & TOWSE, No. 181 Nassau St., N. Y. HENRY TAYLOR, Hasler Building, Baltimore. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston. HUNT & MINER, No. 71 & 73 Fida Street, Pittsburg. GEORGE N. LEWIS, 90 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O. A. HUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky. JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn. REMOND, Richmond, Va. MILTON BULLENET, Mobile, Ala. J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La. GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo. McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

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MARRIAGES. Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the residence of the bride's father, near Wilmington, Del., on Thursday evening, Sept. 28th, SAMUEL LOBOE, aged 78 years and 3 days.

Suddenly, at Bethlehem, Pa., on Sunday, Nov. 11th, JOHN JONATHAN BISHOP, in his 74th year.

On the 20th ultimo, CLARA, infant daughter of Joseph and Catherine Peck, aged 21 months.

On the evening of the 19th ultimo, REBECCA ALLEN, widow of Charles Allen, aged nearly 79 years.

On the evening of the 20th ultimo, WILLIAM S. BROCKTON, aged 75 years.

Suddenly, on the 20th ultimo, JOHN T. TROT, in his 38th year.

On the 21st ultimo, JOHN EATON LE CONTE, in his 72nd year.

On the 19th ultimo, LADIA T. WALTON, in her 28th year.

On the 17th ultimo, ELIZABETH HUMPHREYS, in her 62 year.

On the 18th ultimo, Captain JOHN SMITH, aged 97 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA D. THOMAS, widow of the late Benj. Thomas, aged 62 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Rev. JOHN P. WOODS, aged 31 years.

On the morning of the 19th ultimo, ELIZA J. eldest daughter of Robert and Margaret Armstrong, Sr., aged 24 years.

THE STOCK MARKET. CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOAN, Bid. Asked. U. S. 5 per cent. 100 100 1/2 U. S. 6 per cent. 100 100 1/2

RAILROADS, Bid. Asked. Pennsylvania 100 100 1/2 Erie 100 100 1/2

U. S. 5 per cent. 100 100 1/2 U. S. 6 per cent. 100 100 1/2

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U. S. 5 per cent. 100 100 1/2 U. S. 6 per cent. 100 100 1/2

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The first is called "SEVENTY-SIX," and represents a soldier of the Revolution on his way to join the defenders of his country.

"Then marched the brave from rocky steep, From mountain river swift and cold; The borders of the stormy deep, The vale where gathered waters sleep, Sent up the strong and bold, As if the very earth again Grew quick with God's creating breath, And from the sods of grove and glen, Rose ranks of iron-hearted men, To battle to the death."

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1

Will and Humor.

THE LAWYER AND THE DEACON.

A year or two ago, as every one will remember, a strong revival of religion spread over the land, and many hardened sinners were hopelessly converted. In the interior of New York, an old lawyer was among those who professed to have found grace, but being considerable of a politician, and withal a candidate for a nomination to office, he commenced taking a sly nip—sly at first, but the thing began to show itself in good time. The church was scandalized. One day the most prominent deacon caught him standing in his office door in a very busy condition. The deacon went at him rough shod.

"Deacon," said old Blackstone, inserting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest— "Deacon, a man of my standing or better he turned out a church. Tell 'em I do. I'll compromise honorably. I'll withdraw my active membership, and you put me down as a 'liberal' or an 'on'ry member. Come, deacon, that's fair."

BACHELORS, ATTENTION!—The attention of bachelors is invited to the following "wall":—

"There are some sad sights in this world; a city sacked and burnt—a battle field after a great slaughter—a London in the midst of a plague—a ship burning at sea—a family pining in starvation—a jug of molasses wrecked upon the pavement. All bad, it is true."

"But, to us—the saddest sight of all, is an old bachelor wearing toward the end of his journey of life, his great duties undone. Poor devil! just look at him: his shirt-buttons off—his stockings out at toes—not a son or daughter, not a relative to drop a tear, close his eyes in death, or to leave his money to—nobody, in fact, to care for him—shun'd by saint or sinner!"

"Were we such a man—or rather half of a man—the mild reproving eye of a widow or maiden lady would drive us mad!"

"But there is still hope. Uglier and older men than any of our friends have married beautiful wives, who trained them admirably, and spent their money elegantly!"

"Too much fixed up."—A good many years ago, at a time when there was a triangular contest in progress between the Whigs, old line Democrats, and "fire-eaters," it was announced that the late John Morrisett, of Monroe, would address the county in behalf of the Whigs. Chancellor Levee went up from Mobile to meet him, as representative of the Southern rights party. The Chancellor wore straps to his pantaloons, (then not a prevalent fashion in the country districts,) and having a habit of putting his hands behind him, when speaking, and lifting the skirts of his coat, he displayed a large, new brass buckle, that fastened his waistband.

Mr. Morrisett replying, remarked, in his own peculiar and inimitable vein, that the people of Monroe did not "need to receive political instruction from Mobile—least of all from a gentleman who wore gaiters under his boots and a *breeches* on the seat of his breeches."

How Mr. Twist Came to Be "Deacon."—For a great many years had Mr. Twist borne the title of deacon. Clergy and laity recognized it, and everybody called him deacon. "Good morning, Deacon Twist," was a common salutation, and it seemed fitting that he should be deacon, because he was such a good, quiet, benevolent man. "Your neighbor, Deacon Twist, seems to be a great favorite," said one who had newly moved into the neighborhood, to an old settler; "what church is he deacon of?" "Not of any church," was the reply. "Well, what gives him this title, then?" the stranger continued. "Why," said the one questioned, "when they were plastering the new church down here, he and another set up one cold night to watch the fire so that their work shouldn't freeze, and to keep awake they played old sledge in the organ loft, and he's been called deacon to this day."

Was It the Hairy End?—An old gentleman, who was never accused of being a wizard went out with his gun one day to shoot partridges, accompanied by his son. Before they approached the ground where they expected to find the game, the gun was charged with a severe load, and when at last the old gentleman discovered one of the birds, he took a rest and blazed away, expecting to see him fall, of course; but not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with so much force as to "kick" him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes, inquired of his son, "Alphy, did I point the right end of the gun at the birds?"

SPLENDID CHANCE.—Riding out the other day, a little fellow stepped up and asked to ride. We consented of course, and he was soon seated, and began a busy talk. We inquired as to the chestnut crop, and if he was going to gather any. His eyes brightened up a moment, replying with great earnestness: "I know where there are six trees loaded down, the trees are very low, and the leaves are dead."

Any one who has gathered chestnuts with the fear of the "man coming," can at once see the advantage of the location of the six second growths above mentioned.—*Atlanta Southern.*

THE WASO'S MIRACLE.—A party of travelers sat down in a country tavern to a scanty luncheon. Their hunger was great, the prospect of appeasing it small. The way of the company proposed to work a miracle, and taking up a plate of little dried-up buns began to shake them, to make them hop about. The landlady, observing the performance, asked what was wanted.

"Keep still!" cried the wag; "there is a famine here, and I do this in order that we may have a *chance*!"

The miracle was wrought—the landlady hastening to bring on her good things.

VERY SMART LAD.—As we were walking along the street, the other day, we noticed a crowd of archers standing around a boy who was sucking a piece of candy. "I say, Bill," said one of them, "give me that candy, and I'll make it come out of my ears, like Bill's did last night at the theatre." Second youth shells over the candy. First youth very deliberately cuts the candy—second youth watches the little fellow's ears—and after drawing himself into every conceivable shape, he said: "Well, if I hadn't forgot the rest, as sure as eggs."

PADDOY ON AFRICA.—At a negro celebration lately an Irishman stood listening to one of the speakers; and as the orator came to a "period" from the highest and most poetical flight, the Irishman said:

"Bedad, he speaks well for a nigger; didn't he, now?"

Somebody said, "He isn't a negro, he is only a half negro."

"Only a half a nigger, is it? Well, if half a nigger can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nigger might hate the prophet Jeremiah!"

SONG.

You ask me to remember when
My heart first clung to thine—
If wintry clouds hung o'er the sky,
Or summer's golden shine?
I only know in winter time
It could not, dearest, be,
For never yet a cloud has come
Betwixt my love and me.

You ask me to remember still
The time when first we met;
But can you wonder if I all
Those bygone hours forget?
So calmly have the years flown by,
So bright has been my lot,
I cannot recollect the time
In which I loved thee not!
J. E. CARPENTER.

HOW TO CLEAN THE TEETH.

There is, in my opinion, no dentifrice used so helpful in its effects as charcoal. I doubt if there is a dentist, with a fair practice of ten years, but has seen worse effects from its use than from the use of acids. I have had in my own practice to insert three sets of teeth, where the gums were destroyed, and the teeth dropped out from the use of charcoal. In two of these cases the gums were permanently discolored, so that there can be no mistake of its agency.

The effect of charcoal is purely mechanical; it is sharp as diamond dust, and the finer the worse its effects. Being perfectly insoluble in the fluids of the mouth, it insinuates itself between the neck of the tooth and the gum, producing ulceration, recession and final loss of the tooth itself. Next to charcoal, in their bad effects upon the teeth, are the various kinds of bores and earths, under different and high-sounding names, and popular as tooth-powders.

I would have my patients use no kind of powders upon their teeth oftener than two or three times a month; then I would not have them use the brush, but take some finely prepared chalk, and a stick of red cedar, orange, or hickory (we should say soft white pine), about three inches long, wedge shape, and from one-eighth to one-quarter inch wide; with this polish the enamel, being careful not to irritate the gums.

The great dentifrice that should be used at all times, and under any circumstances, is soap. Its alkaline properties serve to neutralize the acids contained in the fluids of the mouth, and its cleansing properties will correct the breath, and remove offensive odor sooner than any article I have seen tried. I have seen the best effects from its use in tenderness and inflammation of the gums denoting acid secretion, and have never known it to fail in its results.

FREAKS OF MEMORY.—A British captain, whilst giving orders on the quarter-deck of his ship, at the battle of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot, and immediately became senseless. He was taken home and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where, for fifteen months, he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then trephined; and immediately upon the operation being performed, consciousness returned, and he immediately began busying himself to see the orders carried out that he had given during the battle fifteen months previously. The clockwork of the brain, unaware that it had stopped, upon being set going again, pointed to the exact minute at which it had left off. These sudden revivals of a lost intelligence almost rival in their dramatic effect the effect of the Prince's advent in the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, where, at the magic of a kiss, the inmates of the royal household, who had gone to sleep for a hundred years, transfixed in their old attitudes, leaped suddenly into life and motion, as though they only for a moment slept.

AN OLD TREE.—The oldest known tree, the age of which is historically determined, is the sacred fig tree of Annapurna, in Ceylon. It was planted by King Devanipattana, in the year 298 B. C., and its history is described by the Chinese traveller, Fa Hian, in the year 414, and by the earliest Europeans who visited it, in about the same terms. It still flourishes, and is an object of worship to the Buddhists of the island.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Calcutta, says that an East Indian, who attempted to swim the Ganges, some time since, with a child in his arms, was pursued by a crocodile; and in order to escape, he threw the child to the monster, by whom it was at once seized and devoured. A party of English and American soldiers who witnessed this act, caught the Hindoo as he landed, threw him back into the stream, and pointed him with sticks and stones until he was himself seized by a crocodile and dragged out of sight.



CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES WHO RIDE IN CRINOLINE ON DONKEYS.

COPYRIGHT OF LETTERS.—According to law, letters are the joint property of the writer and of the party to whom they are sent. The paper, as a document, belongs to the sender (if we may coin a word by analogy to the barbarous law jargon in other matters, such as lesser and lesser, fief and fief, bargain, vendee, vendee, etc.); but the letter, as a piece of "intellectually," belongs to the writer—its immortal and indestructible part is his property. The recipient has no right to publish it; and a Court of Equity will grant an injunction to restrain publication. Perhaps this property may not continue longer in the writer than that of a book would continue in the author, viz., twenty-eight years, or whatever time the statute gives. We are of opinion that if a man sends a letter to a newspaper to be published, there is no copyright remaining in the writer, and it would be a question to decide whether any is vested in the owner of the newspaper. Junius held that there would, and thus protected his famous Letters.—*London Review.*

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.—A certain royal lady is blessed with one child of more wonderful seriousness and solidity of mind than all the other little princes and princesses put together. This action of the Princess of Brunswick once asked Prince Albert what was the meaning of the words Cherubim and Seraphim, which occur in the Holy Scriptures and the Service of the Church. The answer returned was, Cherubim is a Hebrew word signifying "Knowledge"; Seraphim is another word of the same language, signifying "Flame"; from whence it is inferred that Cherubim are orders of celestial beings excelling in knowledge; the Seraphim are celestial likewise, excelling in Divine affection. The child replied, "I hope that when I die, I shall be one of the Seraphim, for I had rather love God than know all things."—*English Paper.*

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

When, courting slumber,
The hours I number,
And sad cares number
My wearied mind,
This thought shall cheer me,
That Thou art near me,
Whose ear to hear me
Is still inclined.

My soul Thou keepest,
Who never sleepest;
Mid gloom the deepest
There is light above,
Thine eyes behold me,
Thine arms enfold me,
Thy word has told me
That God is love.

Agricultural.

PACKING APPLES IN LEAVES.

A few years ago Mr. S. W. Boynton, of East Hartford, while gathering up the leaves under an apple tree, in the spring, observed beneath them a fresh, unfrozen apple. It suggested at once that dry leaves would answer well as packing material for fruit, and the next fall and every season since he has used them for this purpose. We saw a few years ago some specimens thus preserved, seemingly as fresh and plump in flavor as when first gathered. Yet he assured us they were varieties that would have decayed months ago unprotected. His plan is to pick the apples carefully at the proper time, but not to pack them until the forest leaves are perfectly dry and the weather quite cool.

Then the apple and leaves are packed in alternate layers, and the last layer of leaves crowded in as close as possible by placing any convenient weight on the cover of the barrel. The leaves are of such elasticity that the whole may be compressed so tightly as to prevent all shucking, etc., and yet not bruise the apples in the slightest degree. In this latitude Mr. Boynton has never found it necessary to keep these barrels of fruit in any place warmer than an open shed. It would be advisable, of course, everywhere to keep them in as cool a place as possible. In the spring they are to be removed to a cool, airy cellar, or to an apartment especially for fruit, in connection with the ice-house.—*Horticultural.*

COTTON SEED FOR HOGS.

Robert Nelson, Esq., of Montgomery, Alabama, makes the following suggestions through the Southern Cultivator:—

The saving of corn is desirable at any time, but especially so this season, when the supply is but scanty in the South. It may, therefore, seem proper at present to substitute cotton seed as food for hogs. Almost every planter has learned the fatal results of feeding cotton seed in its raw state to hogs. In your September number, cotton seed is recommended for this purpose when cooked. I think this is only one half of the recipe, and having had some experience in this branch of husbandry, I will here state the way in which I am using it daily for about two hundred hogs:

I have two large cauldrons, one holding ninety gallons and the other fifty-five gallons, arched in as for a still. They are filled with dry cotton seed pressed in hard; after which water is poured on till it raises the seed above the rim of the kettle, which is then covered with some planks and a piece of bagging or old carpet, to prevent the steam escaping too much. It requires boiling, or, more correctly, steaming for two or three hours, or until the seed at the top of the kettle is so well done that it can be mashed between the fingers.

The next process is the fermentation of the seed, which I consider of the utmost importance. I have large tubs, that will hold about sixty gallons each. About two or three bushels of steamed seed is placed in each tub, and filled up with cold water. In about twenty-four hours it has undergone a strong fermentation, and is then in a fit condition to be fed to the hogs; but as I have several tubs, some (and I do not feed but two tubs a day) of this cotton seed beer, as it actually is, will often turn a little sour; the hogs will like it so much better. Once a week, I give a few handfuls of salt or ashes on this food.

It does not, however, seem to agree with young pigs, and it is therefore not fed to pigging sows until their pigs are a couple of weeks old, or still better, until they are weaned.

I would, also, here state that hogs have free access to a small Bermuda grass patch, and always an abundance of water.

I learned this method from Rev. Samuel Johnston, of this place, who used it for nine years, and always had a beautiful lot of hogs, that never got any corn, except what they could glean on the corn fields, after the crop was gathered. His year old hogs, fed on cotton seed, usually weighed 180 to 200 pounds.

I have fed a large lot of hogs on this plan for the last year, with so much success that I never shall give it up, as long as I am raising hogs.

TO DESTROY INSECTS IN STORED GRAIN.—Grain is sometimes subject to depredations from the flying weevil or gray moth which develops and matures in the heart of the grain, and which imports considerable heat to the bulk of the grain. The heat is equal to or above blood. Grain infested with this insect is easily detected in thrusting the hand into the body of the grain, by means of the great heat of the mass. Another insect is sometimes found in granaries and in mills that depredate on the stored grain.

In France large quantities of grain are stored up against time of scarcity, and in order to protect it from the depredations of the insects that prey upon it, commissioners have been appointed to examine into the means of destroying them, who have reported that a small quantity of chloroform or sulphur of carbon put into the interior of the grain pit (which is usually in the ground) and then hermetically sealed up, will destroy all the pests. About 75 grains of sulphur of carbon are sufficient for about four bushels. Grain put up in rail pens, as is the custom in the West, may be treated with equal success with this agent by covering the heap with a tarpaulin or close woven cloth.

HORSES AND MULES.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit, writing from Virginia, says: "If my experience is worth anything to Old Whip's theory in horses and mules, you can tell him that by actual experiment a pair of horses will carry a plough, drill, harrow or wagon, over more ground, and do work better, in eight hours, than mules will in twelve. In seeding wheat, I put in more with a pair of carriage horses to a drill, running them from 3 till 12 and from 2 to 6, than I could do with mules from sun to sun."

OLD DAMAGE TO PICTURES.—Mr. Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, made a serious statement in the course of his evidence recently given before the British Museum Committee. "We find," he said, "that the mere exhibition of pictures to great multitudes exposes them to accidents which would hardly be dreamed of. The public means upon the pictures, and the saliva runs down and positively eats the surface off them. One of the most valuable of Mr. Mulready's pictures was covered with the coughing and sneezing of the public, looking close at the picture and laughing in the presence of it. We have great difficulty in preventing them expressing the emotions they feel in looking at a picture; they will touch it; they say, 'Look at that expression,' and the consequence is that they scrape off a little bit of the pigment. We have come to the conclusion that pictures within reach must be put under glass. We have already the experience that glass keeps pictures much cleaner. We all know that though the public is generally becoming very well behaved, and is well behaved, still they very much like to touch things. We had a little bit of sculpture, a mother and baby, and the baby excited the interest of all the mothers that came to the Museum; they were always measuring their babies by the side of it, and touching it till it became quite grubby. It happened to be only a cast, but precautions must be taken to prevent things being damaged."

LONDON EXQUISITES IN 1818.—Green, brown, light blue, and light gray body coats were then the rage, studded with fancy buttons. The collars were very low, the waists long, and the skirts long and thin. Waistcoats of light canary and other fancy patterns were all worn exceedingly short, and trousers extended very little below the knee. Hats of most fantastic shape were worn, with turned-up brim, and if white, with green edges, disclosing stiff-curled side locks. Every man, young and middle-aged, whether near-sighted or not, wore a quizzing-glass of gold, and carried a thin cane or riding-whip. White cravats of immense height and stiffness were the rage, many of which were got up by a famous laundress of Shrewsbury, tied in most fantastic fashion, the groom's and coachman's knot being the favorite. Over these stiff and spotted "chokers" a thick black ribbon was laid, and from this depended the gold eye-glass, the shirt-collar covering half the ear. The supremest swells of this day had their front teeth bored to spit like the members of the Four-in-Hand Club. Our women wore immense bonnets of Leghorn straw, short sleeves, and waists terminating with the arm-pits. They also frequently wore glasses and carried immense reticules.—*Blackwood.*

NAVIGATION.—One of the New York aldermen in discussing some regulation of the railroads in New York streets, said that "the carelessness of the managers of the Hudson River Railroad was unexampled in the annals of navigation!"

Useful Receipts.

USEFUL RECIPE.—At this season of the year, when arrangements are to be made for winter fires, this recipe is well worth publication.

To stop cracks in chimneys and stoves, the insertion of stove-pipes, open joints in pipes, and all places of the kind.—Dissolve common salt in water—as much as the water will take up—and thicken it with clean ashes till it becomes a mortar of proper temper for working. This will harden in a short time to firm cement, and is better than mortar for the purposes mentioned, and can always be obtained.

TO STOP LEAKAGE IN HOT-WATER PIPES.—Get some iron borings or filings, and mix them with vinegar, forming it into a salve; with this fill up the cracks where the leakage is; and if the pipe has been previously dried, and if kept dry until this has become quite hard, it will never fail to effectually stop the leakage, and will stand for a length of time. If an iron pipe should burst, or there should be a hole broke into it by accident, a piece of iron may be securely fastened over it, by bedding it on, in a salve made with iron borings and vinegar; but the pipe should not be used until it has become firm.

CARRIAGE AXLE GREASE.—Take half a pound of sal-soda and dissolve it in a gallon of water just at the boiling point; now add 5 pounds of tallow and 6 of lard, and stir the whole, together until they are well mixed. An iron vessel is the best to use for this operation. When these ingredients are thoroughly amalgamated, the vessel should be taken off the fire and its contents stirred until the compound has become cool. A very good and simple grease for the axles of carts can also be made by stirring half a pound of powdered black lead in six pounds of melted lard.

SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
S. G.'S PUDDING.—2½ tumblers flour, butter size of an egg; 1 teaspoon sugar and a large one of milk; 1 or 2 eggs, well beaten; 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda, 3 cream of tartar. To be baked in a quick oven, as soon as made. This, without sugar, is very good, baked in a Turk's turban for tea.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Line a bowl with potato crust, allowing the paste to come a little over the edge. Have ready pared apples enough to fill the bowl; scatter in a little cinnamon or nutmeg and a wine-glass of rose water; cover with paste, and turn over the edges, and wet them with water, and pinch them together; set the bowl into the oven, or into a cloth, if for boiling, and boil it in water already boiling.

THE PRESIDENT'S PUDDING.—Boil 1 quart milk with the rind of a lemon; strain and boil again. Mix 1 tablespoonful of flour with 3 of cold milk; stir it into the boiling milk, and let it boil up. Take it from the fire, and when cool add 2 well beaten eggs. Sweeten to taste, and bake in crust in a quick oven.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILL WINDSOR.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 23, 17, 8, 10, was an Egyptian god, worshipped under the form of an ox.
My 13, 20, 2, 19, 27, 4, was distinguished for his wisdom and virtue.
My 17, 21, 11, 7, 9, 16, 6, was a god of the sea, and foretold future events.
My 4, 9, 1, 24, 27, 17, 9, is a mountain in Thracia, covered all the year with snow.
My 19, 4, 26, 7, 13, 23, was the son of 12, 9, 17, 19, 16, 20, 20, and his trumpeter.
My 8, 20, 4, 11, was a beautiful priestess of Venus.
My 20, 16, 10, 5, 21, 18, 2, was a King of Egypt, slain by Hercules.
My 24, 22, 17, 8, 12, 20, was a nymph beloved by Apollo.
My 12, 9, 17, 19, 16, 23, was the god of the 10, 20, 22.
My 13, 22, 25, 16, 2, the most ancient of the gods in Italy, he entertained Saturn on his arrival in that country.
My 28, 4, 18, 22, 31, 20, 10, was a famous giant, fabled to have had a hundred hands and fifty heads.
My 14, 5, 24, 18, 16, 2, 24, 18, 16, 10, was the god of honor and good faith.
My 6, 25, 18, 16, 4, 12, was banished by Jupiter, his son, from the throne of heaven.
My 1, 21, 17, 8, 20, 16, 6, was a poet, musician and philosopher, whose skill in music was fabled to have moved the very rocks and trees.
My 11, 4, 20, 22, 24, 9, 2, were nymphs of the mountains, who accompanied Diana in hunting.
My whole was the son of one who wept herself into a stone, through grief at the death of her children.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 10 letters.
My 6, 2, 1, 12, will eat iron.
My 10, 11, 2, 12, is a number.
My 19, 14, 6, 15; 9, is a number.
My 16, 11, 6, 19, 9, 12, is a county in Indiana.
My 12, 7, 5, 14, 9, 4, is what many worship.
My 18, 5, 7, 1, 4, 11, 6, 18, is used by tailors.
My 8, 9, 10, is a kind of meat.
My 8, 7, 12, 5, 14, is a kind of wood.
My 10, 17, 16, 16, 7, 1, 14, is what some people are.
My 18, 14, 11, 17, 13, 4, is what the hunter does.
My whole is what every man should do.
Bloomington, Indiana. W. W. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first is a useful vehicle,
That is always seen near a mart;
To tell me your mind it may bother,
For it's neither chaise, carriage nor cart.

My second's a kind of habitation,
About it little more need be said,
Excepting this slight explanation,
That it's neither house, hotel or shed.

It will not take long to guess my third,
If at guessing you're any clever;
In speech and meaning it is a word
Much like attempt or endeavor.

My whole is a profession or trade,
But it's neither tailor nor tinker;
To guess its name, if an effort is made,
Will take few thoughts from a thinker.
Pequot, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
The clergy say they love me well,
Whether they do they best can tell,
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But man's deceived by outward show,
It is a plain homespun you know;
The fraud prevails at every age,
So says the school boy and the sage;
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat;
Then shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a different tale;
But if my whole you do possess,
It comforts you when in distress,
And if kind Heaven send comfort bring,
It's more than Heaven bestows on kings.
Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. J. SIMMONS.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
A merchant paid \$120.83 for some calico. He paid as many cents a yard as there were yards in each piece, and there were as many pieces as there were yards in one piece; how many yards were there, and what was the price per yard?
J. W. HATCHER.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
What must be the diameter of a sphere of gold, that it may weigh 12 lbs., 1 oz., 16 pwt., 16 grs. more than a sphere of silver of the same size?
Sharpsburg, Allegany Co., Pa. T. L. M.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a lover like a tailor? Ans.—When he presses his suit.
What part of a play do drinking men like the best? Ans.—The finale (*fine ale*), to be sure.
Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relations? Ans.—Because they are but slightly connected.
Why are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church? Ans.—Because they get good for nothing.
What comes next to an oyster? Ans.—The shell. (*A hard case, that!*)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.
CHARADE.—Innocent (Inn-O-cent). DOUBLED REBUS.—Tennessee, Nashville. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—The pigeon flew at the rate of 50 miles an hour; it had flown 430 miles when it was caught. The hawk had flown 504 miles, and the eagle 568 miles.